

Cambridge. University

VOCES VOTIVÆ

Ab Academicis

Cantabrigiensibus

Pro novissimo

CAROLI & MARIÆ

PRINCIPE FILIO

emissæ.



CANTABRIGIÆ:

Apud ROGERUM DANIEL.
MDCXL.

coll. 55

12/19/27



Will^m Cole
Coll. Regal. Cantab. A. M.



See Thw. 14



Ad Serenissimum
Dominum nostrum Regem
CAROLVM.

Non ingratum Sacratissimæ Ve-
stræ Majestati, neque importu-
num fore confidimus, si ex intimis
animorum recessibus constantissi-
mam nostram Pietatem in Conspectum Ve-
strum proferamus, atq; inter Candidissimos
Dies Lucem hanc exoptatissimam numera-
ri curemus, quæ Vestros Penates Augustis-
simos alio adhuc Principe reddiderit auctio-
res. Ità enim & Officii nostri necessitudo,
& ipsius æquitatis ratio postulabant, ut cum

Liberorum Vestrorum Incrementum no-
stram nobis securitatem abundè adeò cumula-
tam ac stabilitam dederit, nos quoque cumu-
latis Vocibus, Votisque, quibus possu-
mus cordatissimis, Communem hanc Felici-
tatem Vobis, subditisque Vestris universis
ubertim congratulemur.

W^m Cole Coll: Regal:
Cant: A: m: Rector de
Hornsey in Com: Mid:
& Societ: Antiq: Lond:
Socius Dec: 18. 1750.

Ser^{ma}

Ma^{ti}

V^{ra}

à Sacris, subditus

serviisque devotissimus

Jo. COSIN, Procan. Academ.

Voces Votivæ.

IN NATALEM

Nuperè nati Principis auspicatissimum

Julii 8. 1640. sub tempus exactum

Jejunii publici, solennis, à Rege Patre

sapientissimo, piissimo, indicti.



Atura rebus, sydere Julio
Demissa coelo, tertia masculas
Auctura cremento phalanges
Progenies, ut amica ! salve.

Materna, salve, gaudia ; gaudium

Ingens Parenti ritè sacro ; labor

Tantum, sed ut dulcis ! poetis,

Gemmula deliciùmq; gentis.

Canore, quamvis indocilis loqui,

Orator aude dicere quod jüvet

Cognosce cunctos, quod necesse est,

(Lydus ut exitiale Princeps

Arcere patri prodigialiter

Infans periculum) nil vel amantius

Cluere per terras suorum

Ambrosio genitore Carlo,

Deive castum fidiùs ; exulet

Ut turpè Livor, Panica devium

Det terga Formido, metùsq;

Zelotypo stimulatus œstro.

Testare vates, non Saliarium

(Quò sanctiori Numine te probès)

Fructus tapetum, sed severas

Inter & esuries, & arma

Exorte

Voces Votive.

Exorte luctus publica, barbaro
Arma obterendo fortia dæmoni:
Testare divino Quirites
Alloquio, populūmq; Bruti
Scævis ruentem suspicionibus
Fulci, paternos affere laudibus
Fastos, & appresso susurros
Comprime vaniloquū labello.
Vino & Coronis non ita Noricum
Distare ferrum, non ululis canor
Per leue labentum Caystri
Funerea volucrum sub hora;
Lupis & agnis, ignibus ac gelu
Quam infida pax est, tam decor & pudens
Cultura per prouum Tonantis
Idolico variare monstro.
Quid insulatus, quid si etiam pedum
Quassans sacerdos: an nihil interest
Huic, & Quirinali Monarchis
Culmine Pontifici timendo:
Quò, quò sinistri vos quoq; tenditis?
Redite, sanguis (horror, io) meus,
Redite, dispulsisq; longè
Officiū colitore spectris.
Quid illa tantum mentibus addere
Vestris furorem, proh creperum genus!
Aut pascat arcana medulla, aut
Omnipotens bonitas, Creator?
Quid sinistra verò saxa quid, aut fudes,
Et concitato servitio furor?
Jam cedo diversum paternis
Relligionis hoc institutis.

Mutare

Voces Votivæ.

Mutæ vestra jam fatear fide
Lubens parentem ; non veteri tamen,
Non orbe sancita Britanno,
Intemerabiliter colenda.
Labebar infans longiùs ; at mihi
Hæc tam pusillo, tam tenero satis
Pugnasse, & à primis decusq; &
Jus patrium afferuisse cunis.

*S. Collins, Regalis Collegii Præpositus & Sacra
Theologia Professor Regius.*

*Ad Augustissimum Regem Serenissimamque Reginam,
de multiplici prosapia.*

IMpia * Gens sedes cui tu das, Bosporæ, victas,
Et cui captivas India mittit opes,
Pignora sceptrigeræ fiant nè plurima stirpis,
Luxuriæve tori sacra sit aucta nimis,
(O scelus !) hæc funem necit, quæmque ipsa meretur
Colla (ferox !) pueri ferre tenella jube.
At tu chara Deo, Caroloque ô chara Maria,
Têrque quaterque Anglos prole beato tuos.
Foetus ede novos, millenos edito partus ;
Nec deerunt magno maxima sceptræ gregi :
Namque Venus tantis Reges dabit alma puellis,
Et pueros Reges Mars dabit esse tuos.

Turcæ.

Guil. Beale, S. T. D. Coll. S. Jo. Præf.ect.

Voces Votivæ.

*Ad Augustissimum Regem de felici Conjugis puerperio
dum ipse sacris interesset in solennis die
Jejunii.*

+ **A**mbigo, Rex melior num sis, meliôrve Maritus,
Carole : at amborum est gloria summa Tibi.
Intumuit Populus ; populo pietate mederi
Nisus es, haud fuso sanguine, sed precibus.
Intumuit Regina, & partûs jam institit hora ;
Huic Lucina preces sunt pietasq; Viri.
Ergò Uxor thalamos, Populus Tibi regna beabit :
Hic pacem, Hæc pacis pignora certa dabit.

Ad Reginam.

NEc poteras, Regina, tuis felicius ullo
Nixibus aut Populis consuluisse die.
Nos dum thura damus, gemitûsq; Ecclesia fundit,
Commisces gemitus, alma Maria, tuos.
Ergò tuos gaudent nostri lenire dolores ;
Quôq; magis Populus luxerat, Ipsa minûs.
Non mirum est faciles Numen concedere partus ;
Nam gemitus Populi parturientis erant.

Ad Infantem.

VIxdum natus eras, Patris cum iussa capeffis ;
Festinas dictum concelebrare diem.
Hinc Tibi prævertunt mammas jejunia ; & insons
Ipse piis lacrymis crimina nostra lavas.
O quàm morigerus, quanta es pietate futurus,
Adq; diem præfens, ex uterôq; pius !

Rich. Love, Mag. C. C. C.

Voces Votivæ.

*In Serenissimum Principem natum in fine
publici Jejunii.*

PRO pace Regni, pro salute Caroli
Dum vota fundit Anglicana Ecclesia,
Dum lacrymas libat, litat jejunia;
Regina, *Fer opem*, clamat Illustrissima:
Et post peracta sacra Princeps nascitur. (dant:
Quid est, quod hæc tam commodè simul inci-
In hunc diem condictane voluit Deus
Jejunia, ut Sancti Vigiliis Principis:
An Principis natalibus statum hunc diem,
Ut luctui nostro exitum lætum daret:
Utrumq; potius: & brevi dicere licet,
Nunquam celebrari potest *Jejunium*,
Nasceve Princeps aliter opportuniùs.

Richardus Sterne, S.T.D. Coll. Jesh. Prefect.

Ad Regem Carolum.

TERTIAT æternum Proles mansura per ævum,
Et servat numeros sexus uterq; suos.
Sic te, Carle, juvat lapsis succurrere rebus,
Et seclis etiam consuluisse novis.
Nimirum retines ruituri fœdera mundi,
Certaq; perpetuæ pignora gentis habes.
Crescat adhuc parili Soboles tua, Carole, gressu:
Jam subit Augustam sexta columna domum.

Ad Infantem Regium.

TUq; Puer, specimen virtutis nacte paternæ,
Ad famæ properes magna trophæa tuæ.

Voces Votivæ.

Anglica cui multos ostendit virga triumphos,
Gallica Maternos regna loquuntur avos.

*Tho. Goad, Profess. Jur. Civil. Regius,
& Coll. Regali.*

Qualis adesse solet timido exultatio nautæ,
Tyndaridum simulac fidera oborta videt;
Talis possedit populum regnūq; Britannum;
Cum nova Carolidum stella remonstrat iter.
Subsidunt fluctus, tumidorūq; ira recumbit
Ventorum, & velis mollior aura reflat.
Non terret nos dira lues, non extera bella,
Aut quicquid vanæ prodictionis erat.
Has labe Pater, abstersti, bone Carle, novāq;
Spem vitāq; novam foeta Maria dedit.
O pergat, peragātq; vices, dirētq; Maritum
Prole nova: haud melius Regna beare queat.

*Hattonus Rich, filius Roberti Comitis
Warwicensis, A. Cath.*

*In tertium Serenissimi Regis Caroli Filium
superrimè in lucem editum.*

Parturiunt Romæ montes; atque, Albion, ecce
Mittitur à summo, jam nova stella polo.
Candida mixta Rosis peperit tibi Lilia virtus;
Ornavit Caroli sic diadema caput.

Fallitur

Voces Voivae.

Fallitur & numero, cui nostra corona videtur
Unica; nam triplicem foeta Maria dedit.

Gul. Fane, Francisci Comitis West-
morlandia Filius natu minor,
A. B. Coll. Emman.

Ad Reginam de sexta sobole.

Perge, Maria, Deos paritura Deasque, diuque
Lucinae faciles experiare manus.
Adde alios partus, & sexto septimus adsit;
Anglia sic felix terque quaterque foret.

Rob. Fane, filius Comitis Westmorlandia,
& Coll. Emman.

In auspiciatissimum Regine Maria puerperium
octavo Julii.

Praedulces lacrymae, jejunia festa Britannum!
Dum pro peccatis ora genaeq; madent,
Ecce, Puer subito eluxit, natuq; secundo
Imperius geminis omnia clara dedit.
Caesaris haec Luna est, obit & Sol signa Leonis:
Rex mens est Caesar, Regia signa, Leo:
Regia, at alterius Regni; quae turba latronum
Nunc armis temerat, nescia turba regi.
Eligit haec momenta Deus, queis cresceret Infans.
Augustus, repetens Scotica signa Patri.
Nec dubites, vincet Caesar, plectetque rebelles:
Astra pete; hoc referent Sol, Trivia,arque Leo.

Geo. Montague, filius Comitis

Mancestriae, Coll. Christi

Voces Votivæ.

Ad Serenissimam Reginam.

PRæcessere tuos jejunia publica partus:
At sequitur partus publica lætitia.
Reddere nos poterant tua sola pericula mœstos,
Et tua nos lætos reddere sola salus.

Ad exoptatissimum Ducem.

MArtis tu pullus verè ad Mavortia natus:
Jam taceant Musæ; te Duce castra sequar.

*Thomas Howard, Baronis de Escreick,
filius natu maximus.*

Ad Regem CAROLUM.

Quàm tibi fausta sonant numerosæ, Carole, prôlis
Omina, quàm lætos ostendunt fata nepotes!
Ipse Pater cœli, terræ fundator, & orbis
Principium finisque sui, qui singula vasto
Complexu capit, & cunctarum semina rerum
Spargit, vivificum miscens orientibus ætum,
Tēque Tuosque jubet regnare, & stemmate longo
Deductum multa Reges transmittere virga.
Hactenus incubuit præsentia cernere, & omni
Consulere ætati; seclis nam ritè futuris
Prospicis, æternæque jadis fundamina gentis.
Ille decus rerum, melioris vivida cœli
Portio, ferverescens Nemeæi fidere monstri,
Auspiciis majora suis molitur, alitque
Æthereos ignes quos pectore condidit alto.

Nimirum

Voces Votivæ.

Nimirum hoc fuerat niveæ quod dulce Mariæ
Conjugium petisti, ut sanguine digna priorum
Posteritas surgat, virtutumque æmulus ordo,
Et Patrem ex æquans & Avocollatus utrique,
Magnanimo Henrico & pacifero Jacobo.

Asspice quàm magnos angusto in pectore verset
Attollatque animos, visis ut gestiat armis !
Jam ludit puggnas, & alentis ab ubere pendens
Fulmineum meditatur aprum, torvumque leonem
Terret, & in cunis geminos interficit angues.
Non oculos avertit, & imperterritus omnes
Excipit aure sonos, jam scuta micantiæque æra
Intrepidus videt & collisi fulgura ferri,
Jam clamore virum fremituque exultat equorum.
Ac veluti cœlo magni Jovis ales aperto
Ancipitem explorans nidum, solum eligit hunc qui
Tendit in adversum constanti lumine Phœbum;
Sic dignosce tuam, sic exemplo instrue prolem.
Nam ducunt præcepta, trahunt exempla, parentum
Præluceat virtus, omni que potentior astro
Inclinat natorum animos, geniosque sequaces
Allicit. Inducit similes imitatio mores.

Agminibus video latos ferverescere campos,
Ingentisque equitare duces: video alta parari
Navigia, & totum trabibus sylvescere pontum.
Scilicet innumero stipatus milite (qualis
Aut Hector Troum, aut Graiorum turris Achilles)
Mille animo parat ire vias, & mille trophæa
Erigere, & superum virtute laceffere cœsum;
Seu gentes Italas divisosque æquore Mauros
Debellare juvat, Turcæ seu regna profani
Concutere, & sacras Solymarum poscere sedes.

I, bone, quod virtus & magnis debitus ausis
Laudis amor taciti que vocant dictamina fati.

Cum

Voces Votivæ.

Cùm decus Heroum percurris, & antiquorum
Admiranda patrum monimenta revolvīs, eandem
Fortiter ire viam perges, & originis altæ
Consciū insignes factis imitabere Reges,
Linquentes terras, & sidera laude sequentes.

Henr. Molle, Coll. Regal.

Orator Academia publicus.

Insomnium Poeta in somnium Regina.

S Omniat Astyages vitem, Cisseida turbat
Fax malè nocturno gliscere visa toro.
Si tua quæ fuerant prægnantis somnia quæram,
Aurea splendenti Nympha refusa polo,
Lilia vel credam vel fulvos esse Leones,
Certa potestatis symbola quippe tuæ:
An potiùs Paphiæ mites ad fræna columbas,
Moribus indicio conveniente piis ?

Fa. Collins, Regal. Socius.

S Alve, Regali foetu stipata Maria,
Quæ sola es Caroli digna reperta toro,
Nos, Regina, priùs numerosa prole beasti,
Jámque novo partu regna Britannia beas.
Vivat quæ nata est soboles faustissima, tristi
Traducat multos & sine nube dies.

Foh. Collins, Regal.

Ad

Voces Votivæ.

Ad cunas Augustissimi Infantis triumphus.

FRemat rebelli turbidus impetu,
Spargátq; magnos quâ furor est metus,
Quisquis senescentem Britannis
Intrepidus dolet ire pacem.
Superba ferro Gens fera perfido,
Suisque tandem par Aquilonibus
Latè boatus impudentes
Evomat, ambitiosa culpæ
Passim audiendæ. Convocet in suas
Superna vanè Numina copias,
Sanctèque perjurus minaces
Proditor ingeminet querelas.
Vah bruta brutis fulmina nubibus,
Non nata coelo! Desine inutiles
Vibrare terrores, profane
Hostis, & impavidòs protervis
Simúlque spretis stringere classicis.
Vides ut omnem lætior Angliam
Dies beavit, limpidúmque
Explicuit sine nube cœlum.
Arridet auro gravior in suo,
Et liberali lumine Stellulam
Nostro orbe nascentem triumphat
Affiduus redimire Phœbus.
Maria, (fausto plaudite Nomini)
Maria, magnis maxima liberis,
Novam Anglicanæ pacis arrham
Deposuit, positæque plaudit.
Altum strepentis turbine militis
Incepta magni rumpere somnia
Infantis, & pulsu immodesto
Tam teneras agitare cunas

C

Quis

Voces Votivæ.

Quis aufit, omni fortè licèt Styge
Furor tumescens? O potiùs leves
Spirare jam discat fufurros
Et placidas Boreas querelas.
Molli jacentem flamine Parvulum
Mulcere discat, discat & innocens
Amœniori jam tumultu
Pacificum recitare murmur.

Jof. Beaumont, C. S. Petri Socius.

*De mense Julio, in quo aucta est Regia prosapia,
nato Filio Regis tertio.*

Julius immutet nomen (sic tempora poscunt)
Distinctusque novis mensibus annus eat.
Atque ut Cæsaribus veteres cessere calendæ,
Cum dederat seclis Roma superba modum;
Sic jam Cæsareos titulos Carolina propago
Occupet, & cunctos stirps ferat una dies.
En, Carolus, Maria, Jacobus, & Elisabetha,
Anna, & (si numen pectora vatis agat)
Henricus. Quòd si menses compleverit omnes
Diva Parens, nobis aurea secla fluent.
Nam quas Gregorius nuper, quas Julius olim
Fecerit in tabulis, nil moror ipse vices.
Unica turbatis foret Emendatio Fastis,
Si princeps mensi nomina cuique daret.

Jof. Coke, Trin. Coll. Socius.

Quid stupet immensos Babylonia terra labores,
Scilicet è cocto moenia facta luto?

En

Voces Votivæ.

En qualis nostra est Regina Semiramis ! illa
Quot solido muros ex adamante struit !
Nam mihi, quot peperit natos, peperisse videtur
Huic genti totidem moenia firma, parens.
Aut si fortè magis placet hoc, Sunt sidera Nati
Hæc quæ vicino lumine regna beant ;
Nec non & stellas fas est dixisse Sorores :
Felices Anglos sexus uterque facit.
Horum Fata secent vitalia stamina ferò,
Longaque de niveo vellere fila trahant.
Vos quoque fons hujus sobolis per secula multa
Vivite concordî Fœmina Virque toro.

G. Hunt, Coll. Regal.

*De fecunditate Regina,
litterarium Academia partum adjuvante.*

EUGE, puer, calamum præstò. Si fortè poeta
Nascitur, ut perhibent, repat jam principe natus
Et tentare pedes discat. Quis nesciet uti
Carminè, cùm Regina parens tot partibus edat
Hexametrum carmen, sexto circumflua foetu ?
Dum princeps alius lætis amplectitur ulnis
Scazontem, dimetrumve brevem, paucosque nepotes,
Carole magne Pater, te verè Heroicus ambit
Versus, & exsultas numerosa prole beatus.
Sic tua fœcundat steriles Regina poetas
Uberibus geminis, quæ lacte & nectare manant,
Nec monti bijugo, nec fontibus Hippocrenes
Cedunt. O latices cœlesti rore fluentes,
O colles niveos, castis loca digna Camœnis !

Robertus Bindlos, è Coll. Trin. Armiger.

Voces Votiva.

Ad Reginam de nuperrimo illius partu.

Ingenii Venter largitor dicitur; indè
Scilicet exsurgunt Liberi, & indè Libri.
Te gravida gravidum est, Te parturiente, Maria,
Parturit ingenium, Te pariente parit.
Sic juvet usque tuos numeris cecinisse labores,
Usque puerperium sic celebrasse tuum:
Præla genethliacis sic sudent pressa; Poetæ
Sic fiant steriles fertilitate tua.

Th. Seyliard, Coll. Sid. A. M.

*De auspicato partu Regis filii tertii, postridie nonas Julii
sub noctem, qui dies publicis totius regni Jejunii
à pietissimo patriæ Patre CAROLO
sacratus est.*

Quid precibus lacrymisque petit gens Anglica misto
Agmine? quidve Deum plebs macilenta rogat?
Scilicet ut nobis pestem averruncet; ut hostes,
Armatasque manus, insidiâsque premat:
Munera Pomonæ Cererisque ut servet; & alis
Protegat hanc terram pronus, ut antè, suis.
En, Deus accelerat tanti compendia voti;
Accepitque novum terra Britannia Ducem.
Nam quoties tulerit Regina puerpera Natum,
Protinus aufugiunt pestis & arma procul;
Cingit agros virides pax & concordia, cingit
Horrea, quæ multa messe referta gemunt.
Sæpius indicat Carolus jejunia, nobis
Si tales dederit proxima cœna dapes.

Robertus Fynes, alias Clinton, è Trin. Coll.

Ἀλεγεινῇ

Voces Votivae.

Α Λευγὴ ὡς χελιδὼν,
 Ἐσπερος κλυτὸς ὠκυπῆτις,
 Ἀιὶ ἄρπι ἡλίοιο
 Σπαρμένε, νέας πρὸς αἰγὰς
 Λιγυρίω δίδουσι οἰμῶν
 Ἀχαιμῆας, Θισίᾳ ὡς
 Ἀνατλάσσει αἰνὸν ἄρπι
 Πόνοι, ὕπνοι ἀμβαλῶσι,
 Κατακλιμένας νέον τε
 Κεφαλὰς ἄρῃσι, καὶ σέ,
 Βασιλέων φέριτε πάντων,
 Παράκοιτιν ἡδὲ καλὴν
 Ἀναμέλπει εὖ ποδῶσι.

Σὺ μὲν ἄμμι φῶς γλύκιστον,
 Βασιλεῦ Σὺ τῇ Σελήνῃ
 Γλυκερὸν δίδως φίλημα
 Φάος αἰνὸν ἐμφυτεύεις.
 Καρόλοιο δὲ, Ἀιασσά,
 Σὺ δὲ σὺν φῶς λαβῶσα
 Καθίης καὶ ἄμμι ἄρπι
 Νεότευκτον ἦκας ἀκτῖνι,
 Ἡ αἰνὴ μῶν ἀνίας,
 Ἡ αἰνὴ ἔστακεν δὲ λύπας.

Τί δὲ ὄσθι σοὶ τὸ κέρδος;
 Τί δὲ γηγεῖν παρ' ἀνδρῶν,

Voces Votiva.

Βασιλεῦ, σὺ γ' ἀνπλήψῃ;
 Νέφος αἰὼν, ἡ δ' ὁμίχλας,
 Κλυταὶ θ' ἄστυα σὺ πρῶτα
 Νεφέλλι δε χαββάλοις.
 Τί δέ σοι τὸ κέρδος ἄκρον,
 Βασίλισσα; ὡς ἄρκεα
 Σὺ γε καρπὸν ἐκδέδωκας
 Μαλακί τε ἔντροφός τε
 Θαλερόν· Σὺ δ' ἀνπάχεις
 Ἀροτῆρος ὅπλα λήνῃ,
 Τρομερῶ φόβῳ δαμῆντα.

Θεὸς ἀλλὰ δδὴν ἐχθροῖς
 Σφετέροις φόβον φυγίω τε
 Τρόχος ἡ δὲ δια, κείνων
 Βίοςτος βέχοι κυλιθεῖς,
 Ταχὺ ὅτεων λυθέντων
 Κόσμος ὡς χακοὶ γήυνοντο.
 Στεφανέμνοι δὲ ὕμεις
 Στεφάνοις ἐλαίνοισι
 Βίον ἄμβροτον ἀγοιτε."

Ματθ. δ Δαίμ,
 ἐκ τῷ Βασιλείας.

Voces Votivæ.

*Ad Regem, in Partum Regina statim à Comitibus
Cantabrigiensibus.*

Terra dedit partus, partus Henretta beatos,
Ingeniūq; suos mox Tua Granta dedit.
Quàm bene fertilibus respondent omnia votis !
Quàm bene fit Tellus, Musa, Maria Parens !

In tres Filios & totidem Filias, ad Regem.

Tu tria Sceptra geris, pariliq; propagine gaudes;
Sunt tot Filioli, Filiolæq; Tibi.
Omnia bis triplex concors hæc unio necat,
Vis nulla hunc funem solvat iniqua parem.

Guliel. Clutterbooke, S.T.B. Coll. Trin.

*Dies solennibus Jejuniis & Supplicationibus consecrata,
sub cujus vespere Serenissima Regina felici
puerperio enixa est.*

Sic ego deformem primò squalentibus umbris,
Nascentem vidi sic sine sole diem.
Invidiosa sacros abdebant nubila vultus,
Atq; oculum terris eripere suum.
Cum subitò toto Phœbus se colligit orbe,
Et solito vultu, vel meliore nitet.
Desperata dies, quàm læta luce refulges !
Quàm gratos ortus vespere Phœbus agit !
Tetrica quàm læto cedunt Jejunia Festo !
Et mœstam claudunt gaudia quanta diem !
Vota piæq; preces qualem sunt nata coronam !
Jejuni redeant sic mihi sæpe dies.

H. Holder, è C. S. Petri.

Ad

Voces Votivæ.

Ad Sereniss. Reginam nuperrimè feliciter puerperam.

Vivat prole potens, gemmis foecunda Maria,
Donec ad invidiam multiplicentur opes.
Sæpius, Alma Parens, sis infantaria, donec
Deficiant Pueris nomina magna Tuis.
Nos geminos Carolos volumus, geminâsque Marias,
Ut simul amborum perpetuetur honos.

Guil. Lambton, Coll. S. Joh. Gen.

AD REGEM,

*De hac tertia sua prole mascula tempestati huic
peropportuna.*

O Prato, superi, favore prono
Rebus consuluitis Anglicanis.
Haud unquam potuistis aptiori
Quàm nunc pignore nos beare Martis.
Dux nobis opus est, & Imperator
Qui lucem simul & videret arma,
Cæsar qui caligatus alter esset.
Felix Imperii quod omen esto.
Sidus nunc oritur ferocientis
Martis; vos, superi, malignitatem
Hoc orto jubare (euge) temperate.
Optato interea, Dii benigni,
Rebus consuluitis Anglicanis.

Guil. Norwich, S. T. B. Coll. S. Pet. Socius.

TRistia, læta? quid hoc? Frigus nunc occupat artus?
Et pulsant gelido pectora corda metu?

Nunc

Voces Votivæ.

Nunc præ lætitia saltant: Sic tempora, mores
Mutantur; sic fit nox revoluta, dies.
Hinc stridet raucis bacchantibus aere buccis
Insultans Boreas; mitior indè Notus.
Anxia dum rapidas Aquilonis cura procellas
Providet, oppositum nox premit alta polum;
Cum subito nova lux oritur: nunc clarior Auster,
Phœbus es: Hic radius, Carole magne, tuus.
Grate Deo, si Mars, natos, pro Marte sagittas;
Si pax sit, natos, pignora pacis habes:
His pharetram Deus implevit, lunavit & arcum,
Carole, chare bonis, & reverende malis.

Rich. Dawling, C. Christi, A. M.

Ad Serenissimam Reginam de partu novissimo.

Salve, nostrorum Genitrix foecunda Deorum,
Regni sancta Parens, & gentis Mater avitæ,
Cujus ab enixu toties spes nostra pependit;
Et populi suprema salus, Carolique voluptas.
Non illi sobolem, non illi (maxima) natos,
Sed regnum (Regina) paris, populumque refundis,
Conclaviq; uteri exoritur respublica sacri.
Non ita Cycladibus surrexerat æmula Delos
Ægæo in pelago Latonæ conscia partus.
Quin divina Parens, pergas augere frequenti
Dianâ nostram Ortygien & Apolline multo.
O regni tutela tui certissima, pergas
His armis terras munire, his classibus æquor;
Has hostes metuant; formident ista rebelles.
Quinetiam dicti sic constant fata superbi,
Lilia sic latè dominantur in æquore nostro:
Tu Thetis, inque sinu posita est hæc Insula vestro.

Joh. Pearson, A. M. Coll. Regal. Socius.

D

Ad

Voces Votive.

*Ad Potentissimum Regem Carolum & Serenissimam Regi-
nam Mariam, optimos sibi metipsis Feciales.*

Pingat acu steriles aliorum textor honores:
Anglica jam Tyrias negligit aula manus.
Fictam verus honos Fecialis respuit artem;
Et, nisi de proprio, Symbola nulla geret.
CAROLE, viva geras jam tandem Insignia; jamq;
Vexillum spirans, Tu CAROLINA, tuum.
Natarum divina trias pro Floribus; alter
Ternio Regales æquat honore Feras.
Fœmina quæq; Irin, signat mas qui sq; Leonem;
Sis Lyra Tu, Mater; Tu Pater, ipse Leo.
O verè generosa suis Insignia gemmis
Nobilitata, suis sic variata notis!
Florescent tuti Flores, Lyra dulcè sonabit,
Dum vigilans istos, dum tegat hancce Leo.

Gu. Birstall, Coll. Regal.

Ad Regem Carolum.

TRes tibi erant nati, totidem quoq; regna: sed unum
Perdideras: Conjux, Carole, restituit.

Ad Reginam.

Dum tuus in populum Carolus parat arma rebellem,
Tu perge hæc nobis arma parare domi.

Ad natum Principem.

Dum nos jejuno cœlos lassavimus ore,
Clauditur exortu Principis alma dies.
Vota Deus vel sic audit: modò nascere, Princeps;
Hac arma & pestis condicione placent.

Arth. Swayne, Regal.

Voces Votivæ.

In Prolem sextam Regina Maria.

MUndi deliciae, pelagi Regina profundi,
Quorsum adeo langues, Anglia? Tolle caput.
Aspicias hinc trinos fratres, tot & inde sorores,
Nominis & famæ pignora certa tuæ.
Dum nostra est duplici tellus munita tridente,
In mare quis Carolo deneget imperium?

Laur. Rooke, Regal.

Ad Infantem Regium.

PArvus adhuc geminos Alcides dicitur angues
In cunis superasse suis, numerosa daturus
Symbola virtutis, monumentaq; magna laborum.
Excipimus læti, neq; nos frustrabitur omen.
Venit ad Augustos facilis Lucina labores,
Et Majestatem sensere Palatia natam
Lætabunda novam: pariter nova monstra patefcunt,
Molitúrq; suos armata rebellio partus.
Hæc (si, quem meruit, malus haud eludet abortus)
Vindicibus vestris cunis superabitur, Infans
Regie: Sic meliora volunt præfagia fati,
Natalis vestri præclara auctura trophæa.

Geor. Calverley, Coll. S. Petri.

O Quantum docuit nostros sperare Britannos,
Alcmenæ puerum dum Puer iste refert.
Scilicet in cunis hostes lacrymatur inultos,
Et nostrum ignavas increpat usq; manus.
Impiger ille leves cupit eluisse catenas
Membrorum, ferro quæ magis apta velit.

Voces Votivæ.

Jam puerum pertæsus, habet dispendia vitæ
Haud bene, & ingratę fert malè damna moræ:
Telâq; (jam totum doctus spirare Parentem)
Arripit, & victor strata per arma volat.
Discite, queis est fluxa fides animûsq; rebellis,
Quantum jam cordis pectora nostra ferant.
Ipsius in nostros animus diffunditur artus,
Vivida Regali sanguine vena mader.
Sic ut, quem minimè tangant præfagia veri,
Nascentem meritò sentiat ille Ducem.

Appleford, Coll. Regin.

*Ad Augustissimum Regem Carolum Serenissimamque
Reginam Mariam, ob Prolem verè Regiam*

+ **P**hoebe pater, faustum radiis melioribus ardens
Pande diem, nobis blandęque exsurgat Eous
Naribus exspirans roseum fumantibus ignem.
Exoritur terris Caroli de stirpe virilis
Tertia jam soboles, genus alto à sanguine regum.
Fortunate Puer, cui non privata dedere
Limina vitales auras, quem regia cura
Nutrit, & in media cunabula præbuit aula.
Fortunate Parens, numerosi stemmatis autor,
Cui nova progenies dabit immortalia sceptrâ,
Secula cui redeunt iterum, sempérque renatâ
Majestate virent. Sic restaurata juvenus
Continuum regnum atq; æternum porriget ævum.
Túq;, ô Diva potens, foecunda puerpera terris,
Macte Deos parere, & totið dare numina coelis.
Nos plures, quò plura paris, numerabimus aras.

Carolus Scarborough, A. M. Coll. Gon. & Caii.

In

Voces Votive.

In Augustissima Regina Maria sobolem verè Regiam.

Regalem sobolem votis optavimus uná :
Nec frustrá ; votis annuit ipse Deus.
Nunc iterum, Regina, jubes renovare triumphos.
Oh, partus liceat sic celebrare tuos !
Restat at ut Censús quos debuit, Anglia, proles
Cum tua (Rex) vigeat tam numerosa, daret.
Restat & hoc unum, Te nato principe, Regem
Ut metuant & ament Scotica regna suum.

*Guliel. Ramsden, Coll. Regal.
Equitis aurati filius natu max.*

Carmen Natalitium.

Mirabar nigris horrenda tonitrua coelis,
Et rutilos nuper missos è nubibus ignes.
Protinus horrifono descendit ab æthere Pallas
Ad Grantæ fines: turbæ glomerantur in orbem :
Hæc Dea Musarum soboli largitur honores,
Inclýta victrici succingens tempora lauro.
Tum fugit, atq; domos quas condidit ipsa, relinquit.
Dulcia quàm subito pepererunt gaudia luctus !
Cogimur interea tristes ad templa Deorum,
Oramus superos, membris alimenta negamus,
Pallada Brutigenas penitus sprevisse putantes.
Nectamen est mirum quorsum decessit Athenis :
Reginæ tulit auxilium, partúsq; dolorem
Abstulit, hanc faciens quàm lata prole parentem.
Templa ferunt Ephesi sua deseruisse Dianam,
Ut curet partum Magni invictiq; monarchæ :
Qualis progenies nobis erit ille Britannis,
Mater & obstetrix cui sit veneranda Minerva !

Joh. Coale, Coll. Christi.
D 3

*Die præce-
denti Ma-
gna Comitio*

In

Voces Votivæ.

*In auspiciatissimum Regina puerperium matureſcente jam ſe-
gete, cælo per ſpatium ſeptimana hand ita ſereno.*

UNde eſt quòd tanta tegitur ferrugine cœlum?
Unde, quòd æſtivis ſudat Olympus aquis?
Natus (io!) nobis princeps: Hunc humidus æther
Ungit; cùmq; oleum non habet, imbre rigat.
Unde eſt quòd tantis adoleſcit meſſibus annus?
Et quòd tam picta veſte ſuperbit ager?
Natus (io!) nobis princeps: Huic nempe corollas
Veſta parat, parat huic ſpicea ſerta Ceres.
Ungit quem cœlum, quem regem terra coronat
In cunis, quanta ſtirpe creatus erat!

Tho. Waller, Art. Bac. Coll. D. Joan.

De nato Principe ad Regem Carolum.

TOt regum genitor, quot ipſe, Princeps,
Regnorum dominator; & tot annos,
Vel vitas potiùs tuæ addis ipſe
Vitæ, quot patriæ novas propagas;
Et tot ſecula multa, longa felix
Regnabis, generas quot ipſe reges.
O pergas fobolem uſq; procreare, ut
Vivas; ut genus augeâſque, perge
Longùm vivere; ſecula multa regnes,
Ut reges generes Ducêſque multos.

Fulco Cartwright, è Coll. S. Pet.

MARIA

Voces Votivæ.

MARIA STUARTE.

Anagramma;

MATER UTI SARA.

EX Saræ gremio plurima principum
Effluxit soboles aurea cœlico :
Heroûmque seges semine nascitur,
O Regina, tuo, vitæque posteris.
Quin Saram superas : parturit unicum
Hæc, Tu sextuplicem, magna Puerpera,
Rarum. Perpetuos sic dare surculos
Ut possis, patriæ præsidium tuæ,
Et siccis precibus postulo & uvidis.

T. Depup, B. A. Coll. D. Joan.

Ad Serenissimam Reginam Mariam.

PRæla laborarunt, Regina puerpera, vestro
Exemplo : at foetus, ecce, Maria, nigros.
Quod si Prototypo quadraverit æmula proles,
Tinxerit auratos bractea multa typos.

Christoph. Barker, Coll. Regal. Generos.

In sextum Sereniss. Regina Partum.

MArtis Carole, Cypriæ Maria,
Divûm nomina consecrastis: Ibit
Armis sanctior ille Carolinis,
Vultu castior illa Mariano.
Vestris auspiciis Cupido major
Pellæo duce fata dulciora
Vibrabit gemini per orbis oras.

Voces Votivæ.

O quot materies tui triumph
Gaudentes fore principes, per altum
(Quo nata est Venus) Angliam videbunt,
Vulnus blandius ambient tuorum !
Vulnus blandius ambient tuarum !
Sic exercitus imperet novorum
Per Te, Carole, Martium, Maria,
Et per Te Venerum triumphat orbem
Devictum super, absque sævientis
Sortis lufibus invidique fati.
Nec cædis Rosa purpuret cruore,
Belli aut Lilia palleant timore.
O quot munera posteris Tibique
Fundis, Carole! mortuus refurges
In natis Jovis æmulus, fuprema
Et post fata clues Monarcha mundi.
Tu Te, Carole, Túque Te, Maria,
Dulci lumine dulcè blandientes,
Patrem cernite, cernitote Matrem
Bis trino in speculo. Videre tantam
Ideam pietas cupit tuorum
In natis magé. Carolus metallo
Illo non minùs aureus triumphat.
O fi hæc pignora, principumq; regnum,
Vidiffet Niobe ! dolor superbæ
Non unquam propriam dediffet urnam.
Admiratio fœminam dediffet
Marmor durius. Ecce, Plato, vates;
Jam Saturnia cœlitus relapfa
Lætum fecula ! Principum sub iftis
Formis numina cœlitus relapfa!
Quot sub principe quolibet Deorum!
Quot sub principe qualibet Dearum.

If. Tinckler, Coll. Gen. Caft.

Voces Votivæ.

In maximè celebrandum verè Regii pueri natalitium

Carmen Θειαμθεωτικόν.

Nonnunquam astriferi parturiunt poli,
Nonnunquam superi parturiunt Dii:
Quis nescit superiorum
Rectorem esse puerperum?
Sic olim peperit Pallada coelicam
Prægnans ille Pater, stemma perinclytum
Partus ingeniosi.
Quis non tanta genethlia
Sacraet meritis lætus honoribus?
Quis non mellifluos concineret modos
(Partus ingeniorum)
Ad partum ingenii Deæ?
En, Regina potens diis similem edidit
Prolem; vos numeros edite, concitat
Queis vis Enthea pectus,
Ad partum ingenii Dei:
Vos, ô Castalides, & modò Regium
Gnatum, nectareum dicite Apollinem,
Patronumque patrémque
Vestrae, Pierides, lyræ.

Ad eundem Regium Infantem.

Natales decorent cum multi Annosque Diesque,
ECCe hInC eXIMIVs rVVs hIC Cognos- *Chronagy.*
CItVr annVs.

1640.

Guil. Castleton, Coll. S. Petri.

E

In

Voces Votivæ.

In Natalem Principis.

Dum turbas populi colluvies movet,
Et dat mista minis murmura inanibus,
Inter vota caducas
Fuscè concipiens preces;

Dum se foederibus Scotica perfidis
Jactat Relligio, præcoci impetus
Fati præripiens, sat
Iratos stimulans deos:

Musarum soboles hunc celebret diem
Parcarum niveo vellere conditum,
Natalémque lapillis
Consignet melioribus.

Nullum numen abest; neve * quaternio
Ægyptus pueris quem vaga præstitem
Nascendis voluit, * nec
Quos natis Latium deos

Finxit propitios: Quos minùs Anglia
Tales repperit; heu! vana puerperæ
Lectisternia mœrens
Per binas mêmorat vices.

Quin fausto magis hic nascitur omine
Princeps, præsidio nempe Diespitrís:
Illi quippe dies hic,
Hic mensis sacer est Deo.

Claret Cæsareo nomine Julius,
Et natalitio, at Carolea magis
Sexta prole superbit,
Cunis tripudiat novis.

Quos natalitio mensis, honoribus
Jungat militiæ laurea masculæ,
Cœlum fidere; fato
Summus separet unico.

Sic optat *R. Watson, Coll. Gen. & Cui Socins.*

* *Δαίμων*,
Tibullus, * *E-*
pos, * *Avaf-*
nn, *Macrob.*
* *Pilumnus*
& *Picum-*
nus, *Varro.*

Voces Votivæ.

Carmen natalitium.

QUæ nascere in tempora, Puer! quos nascere in
Mores! ubi alios poenitet nasci, suæ
Tædétque vitæ. Calamitosa tempora!
Mores protervi! concatenata hæc mala:
Superbia è sui amore, & è superbia
Contentio, è contentione rebellio,
Bellum è rebellione, & è bello Ilias
Malorum inexpertis malisque dulcium.
Tantum malorum Religio suadet, tegit,
Fovet ac tuetur, & indies parit nova.
Hos natus in mores, & hæc in tempora,
Mirabimur si strenuè, Infans, vagias?
Nempe exigebant tempora & mores mali,
Ut nasceretur innocens Puer, humilis,
Simplèxque, mansuetusque, dictoq; audiens,
(Ità solet extremis Deus, ut ἀπὸ μυχῶν,
Adesse prece rogatus & jejunio)
Qui concatenata omnia mala dirimeret,
Superbiam & contentionem tolleret,
Motum rebellem & bellicum, exemplo suo.
O si Tui similes Britanni omnes forent!
(At esse similes, qui Dei hæredes cluant,
Omnes necesse est, ità docent Oracula)
Si sisteretur medius omnium Puer,
Si Parvulus nobis daretur intimus,
Mansuetus, innocuus, humilis & obediens,
Sui puderet fastum, & occuleret caput;
Pro pace quisque sedulo contenderet,
Et contumacem brevi animum deponeret;
Bellum intus intestinum, & unicum bonum,
Sibi quisque gereret in suas libidines,
Nec esset hostis alibi formidabilis,

Voces Votivæ.

Nec ab Aquilone malum imminens nobis foret;
Sed nec Aquiloni terror Australes minæ:
Arma solitum, jam nitida, contraherent situm,
Rubiginemque, qualem in armilustrio
Parum frequenti cernere est, obducerent;
Regnum rediret ocyùs Saturnium,
Chorùsque virtutum rediret omnium:
Pater ipse Deus, Obedientia genitrix;
Felicitasque filia! O Dux optime,
Qui claudis agmen sobolis Augustæ inclytum,
Dux esto simplicitatis, innocentiae,
Dux humilitatis, obedientiaeque Dux,
Ducàsque porrò ad cœlitum palatia,
Quæ similibus Dei ac Tui semper patent.
Tum ô quàm auspicata nati erimus in tempora,
Morèsque similes & Tui, & dignos Deo!

R. Gell, S. T. B. Coll. Christi Socius.

In natalem Celsissimi Ducis nuper nati.

AN deceat pompa, mens hæret, maxime Princeps,
An lacrymis cunas concelebrare tuas.
Nil nisi triste vides: violantur sceptrâ Parentis,
Et Mitra indignè commaculata jacer.
Factio ubique viget: Solii nunc gloria læsa est,
Nec sacer Ordo placet, nec Diadema placet.
Æs populi luxu teritur, patet arca Tiaræ
Hostibus, ad Sceptrum tarda moneta venit.
Hæc dolui: at tua dum, Princeps, cunabula specto,
Mœstitiæ tenebras pellit amica dies.

Johan. Thorp, Reginal.

Voces Votivæ.

Ad Regem Carolum de multiplici sua prole.

IO, Cæsar ; iô, beata proles,
Vivax cassida, multiplex corona,
Septemplex clypeus, nitens corollis,
Gemmis, chrysolithisq; Carolinis!
Augustissime Rex, beate Princeps,
Seu Rector pelagi tumultuô si
Vastum contabulas fretum carinis;
Tu seu lampade Phœbus alter alma
Illustras, Tropicisq; destinatis
Nobis acceleras cupita dona
Sol noster, Veneres Apollinésq;
(Nec noscas Phaethontas) usq; gignens;
Sive æquare velis vagos planetas,
Atlantis parili æmulûve fato
Tota Pleiade prolis hoc bearis
Coelum, Plantagenettios novata
Jam scala Tyderos creans Stuartos,
Usque usque Angligenis pater deûsque.
Ast impar tibi (vah) melos disertum
Cantandi, sobolîq; patre dignæ,
Parnassus caput occulit bicolle,
Cernendi haud pote multicolle pignus.
Quid restat? Tibi tu colossus esto,
Et proles numerosa sit parenti
Parnassus geminatus usq; & usq;.

G. Chrymes, Coll. S. Joh.

*In auspiciatissima Ducis natalia, qui eodem die quo Jejuni-
um publicum celebraretur, vitam suam auspiciatus est.*

JAm parce, tandem parce; sat suspiriis,
Sat lacrymis, jejunio satis datum:

Voces Votivæ.

Vultus serenos induas, Britannia,
Frontisq; nubes discute; appositas dapes,
Apposita carpe gaudia, & cœlestia
Depasce fercula: festus hoc jubet dies.
O quàm stupendo numine hunc orbem regit
Æternus orbis Genitor, ac rerum Parens!
Perenne, dulce famelicis nectar pluit,
Et delibutos gaudio ambrosia cibant,
Ipsasq; lacrymas melle delinit suo.
Quin age triumphos, age triumphos, veritas!
Impura soboles, ac onagrorum fremant
Rudantq; pulli liceat: Hinc tandem liquet,
Quanto dicatos luctui præstet lares
Adire, quàm superbiora limina, &
Ebullienti gaudio fretas domos.
Noctis dolores lacrymasq; vesperi
Majore pensat gaudio exorients dies.
Nec nostra Phosphorum morantur gaudia;
Quin ipsa luctum quæ peperit, ipsa hæc dies
Feracioris alma lætitiæ parens.
Gemella Leda ceu rata proles vice
Promunt ab undis jubara, Castorem sequax
Ut occidentem & occidens Pollux premit,
Mortalis alter (vatibus si quæ fides)
At mortis alter nescius, superum comes:
Sic, sic gemelli mutuo semet premunt
Dolor & Voluptas; moritur at dolor, brevem
• Perenne luctum gaudium à tergo premit.
Sic, sic gemelli: falleris, loquax nimis
Camœna; nostri gaudii luctus parens.
Lucina, valeas; irritus labor tuus:
Faceffe, Juno; peperit obstetricibus
Maria precibus: nil ope hinc opus est tua.
Virtute macæ; perge, perge, Carole,

Ut

Voces Votivæ.

Ut hisce repleas pharetram spiculis :
Hæc clypea regno ponito, arma hæc ligneis
Superadde moenibus ; Britannia tuæ
Placidam quietem posse sic credas dari.
Sic, si supernus invigilet oculus, sui
Secura medio dormiet tandem mari.

Ed. Thorp, A. B. C. Christi.

In Serenissimam Reginam Mariam parturientem.

PRæceps ruenti quod feror impetu ?
Quem saltum & in quos conjicior specus
Veloce motu ? quod rapis me, ô
Magne Jovis Semelæsq; fili ?
Nil vile mecum cogito, nescio
Quid grande jam nunc mens mea parturit.
O me beatum, qui sũaves
Condidici sobolis dolores !
Nunc Musa primũ (mittimus ordinem)
Parit. Ferenda audacia, quæ tuum,
Regina, partum promptiori
Prævenit officio salutans.
O sacra proles, quam parit integra
Maria ! Gentem restitues piam,
Quam nulla contra fors valebit,
Morsve nigro metuenda curru.
Seu tu Dicæus, five vocabere
Dicæa, mentes sola feras potes.
Sedare, monstro viperinum ab-
scindere Hyperboreo capillum

Ser-

Voces Votivæ.

Serpente multo complicitum. O decus,
Solamen, & spes unica gentium !
Vitam satis longam benignus
Juppiter & celeres sorores
Cedant mihi, insignem ut videam tuum
Vivus triumphum, ut facta celebra
Solenniter testudine inter
Pacificos referam Britannos.
Hæc ipse mecum montibus aviis
Dum canto, quas non inficiunt virum
Mortalium corrupti ocelli,
Monticolæ mihi dulcè nymphæ
Rident, & hi quos urbis anhelitus
Et cætuum sudor malè olentium
Nunquam inquinaverunt, resultant
Capripedes Satyri atq; Fauni.

In Principem sub finem solennis Fejunii natum.

RECTè augurabar, nec mihi spiritu
Vano intumebant pectora. Quis pium,
Justumve quis non nominarit,
Quem peperere preces puellum
Famèsq; sancta? scilicet abstinens
Mens vilioris pura cibi, sacrum
Nectar capit seménq; Divum,
Magnificam paritura prolem.
Hic te juvabit rebus in arduis,
Pacémq; virésq; hic dabit, Anglia:
Non Gallum, Iberum non timebis,
Non rigidum rabiem Scotorum.

Voces Notivæ.

Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν.

Λ Αγνείην μέτα, καὶ ὕβριν, λεῦρ' εἰπέ, Ἑριπύς,
 Καὶ ὀνοφρυγίην, ποῖα νέμει Νέμεσις;
 Λιμὸν ὅμῃ καὶ λοιμὸν, ἔειπ' Ἰ, ἀνδροχασίην τε
 Ὅμοι' Θερμὸν ἄρ' οὖν θράγμα καὶ ἀργαλέον.
 Ἀλλ' εὐχίην μέτα, ἥ νῆστιν, καὶ πένθεα λυγρὰ,
 Ἀγνὴν, ποῖα θεός, εἰπέ μοι, Εὐφροσύνη.
 Ἄσμα, χορὸν, κιθάραν, θοῖόν τε συνελόντι δὲ εἰπεῖν,
 Βρῶμα πόσιν τε θεῶν, νέκταρ ἰδὲ ἀμβροσίην.
 Ὡς ἄρτε ζαθέν' ὦ ροῖης πνεύματος ὦ τῆς
 Παρθενικῆς ἑκατὶ παιδαίει Μαρίνης.

H. More, A. M. à Christi.

Ad Serenissimum Regem Carolum.

Sub Te, maxime Rex, Tuoque, sceptro
 Fortunata nimis Britannia tellus.
 Hanc olim bene legibus ligatam
 Exemplo cohibes potentiorē,
 Quicquid iustitiæ est docens colendo.
 Exemplo nihil addidisse tanto
 Ulli fas hominum fuit desumve,
 Præterquam foret ut perenne nobis.
 Hoc nobis hodie perenne factum.
 Nato principe tertio videmus:
 Quo Te pignore denuo renatum,
 Rex fortissime, ritè gratulamur,
 Vivamq; effigiem Tui recusam
 Seris posteritatibus colendam.

F

Sic

Voces Votive.

Sic nunquam memori eximeris ævo,
Quem triplex populis imago reddit.

O semper tabulis legatur istis
Virtus vivida Caroli parentis,
Donec fidera, terra, pontus, una
Antiquum repêtant chaos ruina.

Geo. Goad, Coll. Regal. Socins.

Cum primùm gravidam prænuntia fama Mariam
Rettulit, & prolis spem dedit usq; novæ,
Continuò precibus pia Numina quisq; fatigat,
Votâq; sollicito sunt duplicata metu.
O quoties mœsti suspiria rupimus ægra,
Orantes vestram, Diva triformis, opem!
Non fatîs ante diem securi viximus illam,
Quâ Patri soboles nascitur ista suo.
Jam liceat dēptis lugubria ponere curis,
Et peplum nivea vertere triste toga.
Venturi nam læta dedit præsagia belli,
Dum peperit tantum pulchra Maria Ducem.
Quin agedum pergas, ô felicissima matrum,
Innumera Carolum prole beare tuum.
Sæpius illa dies felici affulgeat astro,
Detur natales qua celebrare novos.
Nam populi suprema salus tutelâque regni
Pendet ab enixu, dia Maria, tuo.

Tho. Mountague, A. M. Coll. Regal. Socins.

Ad

Voces Votivæ.

Ad Regem Carolum.

Felix multiplici florescit palmitè Vitis,
Et viridis mensam cingit Oliva tuam.
Sic melius rerum stabilis tutela tuarum,
Et certus quassi Legifer orbis eris.
Illustres Heroas habemus & Heroïnas,
Par impárq; tuos dum beat ordo toros.
Scilicet hoc fultus munimine, Carole, possis
Et terra & toto ponere jura mari.

Hen. Vintener, Coll. Regal. Socius.

Ad Serenissimum Fidei Defensorem.

CArole, Divorum soboles, qui secula condis
Aurea, qui Regnum pace penúq; beas,
Scyllæos inter scopulos interq; Charybdin
Tutum defendens Relligionis opus:
Hoc meritis superadde tuis, nè sceptrà Britanna
Unquam destituas prole Tui simili.
Multa Stuartorum generis sit copia mundo,
Quæ patriæ possit suppeditare Patres!

E Coll. S. Petri, Joh. Francius.

Ad Serenissimam Mariam, de partu novissimo.

SI veterum non vana fides, cùm Luna laborat,
Expediunt curas æra tubæq; graves.
Hoc tibi cum Luna video commune, Maria;
Eliciunt partum Martis & arma tuum.
Cùmq; diu belli rumor percusserat aures,
Das opportunum, pulchra Maria, Ducem.
Qui precor ut tumidos in cunis strangulet angues,
Ni fiet infanti hoc Hercule majus opus.

Carolus Osborne, Generosus, Coll. Regal.

Voces Votive.

IN REGINAM,

Et sibi & Academiae semper parturientem.

HUlc ô sacris circumflua coetibus,
Hûc ô frequentem, Musa, choris pedem
Fer, annuo doctum labore
Purpureas agitare cunas.

Fœcunditatem provocat, en, tuam
Maria partu nobilis altero,
Prolemq; Musarum ministram
Egregius sibi poscit Infans.

Nempe Ita nunquam pignore simplici
Sibive soli facta puerpera est :
Partu réperculso, vel absens,
Perpetuos procreat gemellos.

Hos Ipsa partus scilicet efficit,
Inq; ipsa vires carmina suggerit,
Quæ spiritum vitamq; donat
Principibus simul & Camœnis.

Possit Camœnas, non sine Numine,
Lassare nostras Diva puerpera,
Et gaudiis siccare totam
Perpetuis Heliconis undam.

Quin experiri pergat, & in vices
Certare sanctis conditionibus.
Lis dulcis est, nec indeboro
Pulvere, sic potuisse vinci.

ALternis Natura Diem meditatur & Umbras,
Hinc atro, hinc albo pignore facta parens.
Tu melior Natura tuas, dulcissima, servas
(Sed quàm dissimili sub ratione!) vices.
Candida Tu, & partu semper Tibi concolor omni:
Hinc Natam, hinc Natum das; sed utrinq; Diem.

Ri. Crasshaw, Coll. S. Pet. Socius.

Voces Votivæ.

Ad natum Ducem prædicandum.

Magne puer, seu Te mediis jam purpura cunis
Involvens, teneros gaudet suasisse sopores;
Seu vigilas, proceresque beas, Matrisque dolores
Ridenti fatis ore levas; paulum annue votis
Camiadum, plaususque novos dignare tuorum.
Non solum tibi Terra orienti favit, & Æther,
Nobiliusque manus, triplicis quæ gloria Regni:
Ecce! Genethliacæ concurrunt ordine Musæ.
Sic, quando extremo Phoenix procedit ab Euro,
Accedunt aquilæ, cunctæque ex Orbe volucres,
Ut Solis mirentur avem. Cum bellica nubes
Ingruit, atque ipsis sævit Gradivus in armis,
Attonitæque palam decedunt gaudia mundo,
Nasceris; ut non sit metuenda potentia ferri,
Nec bellator equus, nec tardi tela Bootæ,
Aut si qua est densis legio conferta manipulis.
Jam nihil, ô superi, querimur: violentia Martis,
Tempestat Aquilonis, & infani furor ævi
Hac mercede placent. En! post jejunia nobis
Quam faciles dare summa Dei! Tu, maxima Princeps,
Heroum genitrix, nostri pars magna triumphi,
(Cujus ad exemplum segetum nunc intumet æquor,
Lenior & gravidis allatrat Sirius uvis)
Perge tuos hilarare Anglos, atque agmine longo
Carolidum patriæ æternam spondere salutem.

R. Widdrington, C. C. Socius.

Lætanti Carolo natos tuos edidit olim
Viventes uterus, dia Maria, duos.
Tertius è coelo cecidit, deduximus illum
Et prece & esurie: Sic juvat esse Magos.

Rog. Coke, Coll. Regal. Gen.

Voces Votivæ.

Ad Regem, de prole sua.

Quifquis, Carle, tua Insignia viderit,
Ternis dispositam fcilicet aureis
Liliſſque Feriſſque
Emirabitur aream.
Et nulli Angligenûm, Carole, principi
Hoc ſignum meliùs quàm tibi contigit;
Cui natique Leones
Tres, & Lilia filia.

Franciſcus Heigham, Coll. Regal. Armiger.

Dum parit, & longas iterat Regina querelas,
Pro partu certant Diſq; Deæ que novo.
Dii Puerum voluere, Deæ voluere Puellam;
Rex iudex æqua Carolus aure ſedet:
Qui cuncta aſpiciens ardere potentibus armis,
Ceſſit Diis: Alio Marte opus (inquit) erit.
Dii palma exſultant, Puero & naſcente ſereno
Anglia cum ſuperis gaudia juncta canit.
Jam non vexabunt campos civilia bella:
Utraque quippe uno ſtemmate nata Roſa eſt.
Nulla Caledoniæ nos lædent arma, timore
Pectora non quatiet, Te Duce, Turca ferox;
Pignore nam triplici, veluti munimine trino,
Ter tuta & felix terra Britanna viget.

In eundem die Jejunii natum.

Poſt imbres, gelidâſq; nives, tonitrûq; tremendum,
Exoritur ſplendens & ſine nube dies.
Poſt ſacros luctus, Jejunia publica, lætas
Plebs epulas reparat, gaudia, feſta, jocos.

C. Chamber, Coll. Chriſti.

Ad

Voces Votive.

*Ad Pientissimum Serenissimūque Regem
Carolū, sextā jam prole auctum.*

REgius hoc cecinit Vates; Si turba rebellis
Pulsarit portas, gens inimica Deo,
Qualiter armata est forti sua dextra sagittis,
Talis erit soboles, Rex, numerosa Tibi.
Non confunderis: pharetra est Tibi foeta Maria;
Mascula demissa est sexta sagitta polo.
Si sexta terram ferias, Rex sancte, sagitta,
Disperdes hostes: Vatis hoc omen erat.

psal. 137.

4. Reg. 13.

Petrus Gunning.

*In filium Caroli nostri Regis vespere natum
diei publici Fejunii.*

NOcturnas dimitte faces; tibi luditur: Alter
Incepit, veteri sole cadente, dies.
Nunc etenim geminus sol nostris splendet in oris,
Dum celer æstivos Julius urget equos.
O portenta! duos nunquam patietur Olympus,
Binus Atlas quamvis fundat ab axe diem.
Alter in occasu positus micat, alter in ortu:
Occidit ecce vetus sol, oriente novo.
Magne puer, jam quis de Te non grandia sponder,
Nocte quod has terras sole carere negas?
Sed satis hoc laudis: Ludor miser, omnia sacro
Certatimque tuæ laudis honore nitent.
Nam prima qua natus eras in luce, dedisti
Et lacrymis finem tristitiæque modum.
Quique prius gemitu solem excipere Britanni,
Fletibus & madidos exhibuere sinus;
His placuit passim lætas agitare choreas,
Et lacrymis vacuos explicuisse sinus.

Atque

Voces Votivæ.

Atque ego qui pronus jacui, queis te ipse salutem,
Inveni hos, proles Regia, fortè pedes.

Thom. Baines, Coll. Christi.

In felicissimam Reginæ MARIÆ fertilisatem.

Naturæ facies renovatur quolibet anno,
Et sese mirum fertilis ipsa parit.
Sic quoque Naturæ exemplar Regina, decusque,
In foetu toties se videt ipsa novam.
Penè omnem signas tam sæpe puerpera mensem,
Et cupit à partu nomen habere tuo.
Quæque tuos toties audit Lucina labores,
Vix ipsa in proprio sæpius Orbe tumet.
Foecundam semper spectabis, Jane, Mariam,
Sive hac sive illa fronte videre voles.
Discite, subjecti, officium: Regina Marito
Annua jam toties ipsa Tributa dedit.

Dum redit à sanctis non fessus Carolus aris,
Principis occurrit nuntia Fama novi.
Non mirum, existat cum proximus ipse Tonanti,
Vicinum attingunt quòd citò vota Deum.
Non mirum, cum sit tam sancta mente precatus,
Quòd precibus merces tam properata venit.
Factura ô longum nobis Jejunia Festum!
O magnas Epulas exhibitura Fames!
En fundunt gemitum, & lacrymarum flumina; turbam
Cum Regina ipsam parturiisse putes.
Credibile est Puerum populi sensisse dolores;
Edidit hinc mœstos flebilis ipse sonos.

A. Cowley, A. B. T. C.

Voces Votivæ.

*In alteram prolem Regiam natam
festo Jejunii die.*

Augustissime Principum, quod una
Obimus tua iussa solvimusque,
Fecisti veniam, scelus patrandi
Quæ causam dedit, Ipsa deprecatur.
Tu Jejunia prorogare mandas
Indictis stationibus, Deumque
Cudentem nova tela promereri.
Dum solenniùs ista transiguntur,
Quæ convivia, quas dapes propinat
Fœcundissima conjugum, spæique
Tantæ vix saturavit helluones !
Quis non æstuet hisce decoquendis ?
Quis non devoret intimis medullis ?
Aut tali vereatur esculento
Fœdari sibi virginem salivam ?
O Jejunia chariora nobis
Cuncta Phasidis altili sagina !
O quanti est, cineri incubare, coeli ut
Tantillo coemantur uniones !
Quid præfagia tanta pollicentur,
Quàm res pacificas Britannicorum, aut
Victrices fore ? Dum timenda belli
Ardenti prece deprecamur, ecce
Proles mascula nascitur, tremenda
Vel ipso crepitaculo, sed olim
Belli fulmine, fulmen ipsa belli;
Et vix ubera qui subegit, idem
Vestros, Carole, perduelliones
Præclara ditione subjugabit.

Thom. Page, Regal.

Voces Votivæ.

Ἐἰς ἕλγον τύκος Βασιλικόν.

Ἐξαιρέτοις μελίσσιν αἰετοῦ τιμὴ Βασιλείας,
 Ἐοῦναί· ἀεισομένη καὶ ἔκπν' ἐγνήματο παῖδα·
 Ἰσπαλὶς ἱν' ἀειδμὸς ἐν παίδων τε ποδῶν τε,
 Ὡς πάλαι αἰσάμην. Γίνε· αὐ βασιλῆϊν ὄσιν
 Ἐξάδρον· Κύς· ἔρριπται (ἐπ' δ' ἔδ' Ὑρίαια)
 Ἐρρίπται ὁ κύς· καὶ ἔξ βέλτε Μαρία.
 Εὐ γὰρ πατὴρ Κῶ· Πανακεία τε, καὶ Ἀρεσθίτη,
 Καὶ Γάμ· ἱμερόεις, καὶ ἐπύρα· Ἀρρενόδην,·
 Ἐξάδ· ἐνὸματ' ἰδὼτα, οἶλα Βρετανόσιν ἀπαντα,
 Ἐξάδ· ἢ τε σοφοῖς μέγα πέτο Πυθαγορείοις,
 Ὅσον ἔρω· ἀγαλμα, καὶ ἀρμονίης ἐρατὴν
 Οὔνεκα μὲν πρῶτα, ἀριδμή· ἱερῶ ἐνὶ κόλπῳ,
 Ἀρπον ἡδὲ πεισὼν ἐφ' συμπύξεται κόλπῳ,
 Ἀρρενα καὶ θῆλων συναρπύεται ἀλλήλοισι,
 Δίς τρία, τρεῖς τε δύο, ἐπαμοιχαδίς ἐμπερυαῖτα·
 Τῷ καὶ δι' ἐξ ἀμφοῖν ὄνομα κλυτὸν Ἀρρενόδην.
 Οὔτω καὶ τοῦ· ἑλ· ἀγαλῆτης Βασιλείας
 Καρρόλιδων γενεῶν ἴστω θύτο Καρρόλιδων τῶ
 Οὐδ' ἐπ' θαλύτεται πλυνθὶ νικῶσιν ἀδελφεῖς.
 Ἐξ πάντες, τρεῖς ἀμφῶν δ', τ' ἀρρενόδην ἀριδμὸς.
 Ἀρπον ἡδὲ πεισὼν ἐπεὶ παῖζον τοῦτες,
 Ἀρρενα καὶ θῆλων, ζήλοϊ δ' ἐπ' ἀκοίτις ἀκοίτιων
 Ἐἰς γέν· ὃν ἀνύδοντ' (ἀγαθὴ δ' ἔρις ἡδὲ Βρετανόσι)
 Νίκη δ' ἐδύτρωσι, μάχης δ' ἐπ' ἴσα τάλαντα·
 Εἰ ἐτέδν μάχῃ ὄδῃ, καὶ ἡ χάρις ἀρμονίῃ τε,
 Εἰρήνη τε οἶλη, καὶ ὁμοζυγίῃ τεταλῆα.
 Ὡς τρία θαλύτερα, τρία τ' ἀρρενα τίμα τεύχῳ,
 Τῶν θυγατέρων τε Γάμων πρὸς θύκτο μήτηρ.

Ἰακός· Δύποτος, ἐν τῇς Τεταδῆς,

Ἐκλυσισμὸς Διδόσχαλος.

GRanta videbatur Mater nimii esse laboris,
 Difficilis partus nec memor esse sui.
 Heu! quid agis (dixi) modò fecundissima matrum?
 Parce, dehinc Mater si cupis esse, tibi.
 Sed Regina jubet gratos renovare labores,
 Dum renovet partu gaudia nostra suo.
 Saxeæ sim Niobe, Niobe si prole superba
 Cedere nè Divis sim mihi visa, precor.

Affpice

Voces Votivæ.

Asspice multiplici hoc Uno quantum instar in ipso est;

Hic mihi pro multis millibus Unus erit.

Qui Caroli soboles cœliq; solique voluptas,

Nonne erit ille meum dulce canentis opus?

Estne opus hoc (dixi) Genitrix? tibi gratulor illud,

Gratulor & victam te sobolémque tuam.

Rich. Wrench, M. A. Coll. S. Joh. Socius.

Ad Sereniss. Regem Carolum, de Filio nuperrimè nato.

IMago Rex est Numinis: totum Jovem
Humana forma, vultus humanus refert;
Seu nos tremendæ frontis eximium jubar
Nostrum per orbem candidos fundens dies;
Seu cogitemus Regiæ vires manûs.

Imago patris, filius: talem sibi
Se finxit ipse; perlegit vultus novos,
Fruiturque vitæ tempore elapso suæ.

Rex, ecce, cœlos nectit ac terras simul:
Summumq; dum sic filius patrem refert,
Paterque summum Numen; attollit caput
Britanna tellus, secla nec tandem ultima
Surripere Carolum posse contendit suum.

Sed prorogata vestra virtus posteris
Serena cœlis inferet serum caput.
Tunc ipse stellas inter æthereas micans
(Nam stella fies) noxias nubes fuga;
Nullusque vanus siderum interpretis Tuo
Prævisa nobis bella ab aspectu ferat,
Dum nostra nitens insula auspiciis Tuis
Pedes in undis figit, in cœlis caput.

W. W. C. C. C. Socius.

Voces Votivæ.

In natalitia Illustrissimi Ducis wednesday.

Quo, clara Divûm progenies, tuum
Natale faustum carmine consecrem?

Clio lyræ nostræ movebit

Pollice nobiliore chordas.

Cùm sacra pascerebat populum fames,

Multa fide cœlo obtulimus preces

Nos obstetricantes, serenam

Et peperit sobolem MARIA.

Quin funde porrò multiplices tori

Partus; tibi ultra concipimus preces:

Menses ut omnes auspicae

Te sobolis videant parentem.

Maius ferax nobis Carolum dedit;

Algens November, quæ superat nivem

Candore formosam Mariam;

Eboracique Ducem Jacobum,

October, anni temperies; tulit

Vernantem Elisam vel medio gelu

Lætus December mensis; Annam

Martius addidit, & sororem,

Veris novi blandam violam; suum

En Julius tandem peperit Ducem.

Menses oportet nunc ab ortis

Principibus numerent Britanni.

Quo Te Deorum nomine consecrem

Divina proles! Mercurium ut dies

Natalis optat te vocari,

Tempora sic clypeata Martem.

Vos Perduelles (si placer) æs triplex

Curate: Nobis Angligenis triplex

Est CAROLUS, triplex MARIA:

Prælia quid stolidi timemus?

H. Babington, Trin. Coll. Art. Bacc.

Ad

Voces Voivæ.

Ad Principem natum.

Rumores inter ruiturâq; fulmina belli
Nasceris intrepidè, mascule Patris amor.
Currimus extemplo, turba haud ignava, Camcenæ:
Te petimus; nostrum fas sit habere Ducem.
Fas sit habere Ducem, sub quo pugnabimus omnes;
Cujus & auspiciis dulce perire foret.
Pro gladiis calamos vibrabimus hostis in ora;
Armabit nostras Palladis hasta manus:
Pròq; tuba carmen resonabit grande per auras;
Tum vice vexilli lata papyrus erit:
Sanguinis inq; vicem atramenti flumina current:
Non nostra Archilochi doctior ira fuit.
Læduntur cerebro, quibus est inventio nulla;
Carmine qui peccant, in pede vulnus habent.
Nec tamen hæc nobis sunt magna pericula curæ,
Tu modò, Dux noster magne, favere velis.
Addemus lacrymas, nempe arma decentia Musas;
Addemus sacras, ignea tela, preces.
O nos Victores, exstingui si modò possent
Hoc tandem nostro cætera bella sacro!

Johannes Booth, C. C. C. Socius.

De septena Regis prole.

Angitur Astronomus, dubitans ubi lumina figat;
Et coelo & terris sidera fixa videt.
Pleiadaſ hîc Carolus septem, dat Juppiter illîc;
Quamvis hinc illinc Unica stella latet.

Samuel Farley, Coll. Regal. Socius.

Voces Votivæ.

*De auspiciatissimo cum Serenissima Maria Angliæ, tum
etiam propinquo Regina Galliarum partu.*

GLoria sollicitos olim dedit æmula Reges,
Hinc Angliæ illinc Galliæ,
Effet uter potior, Dominumq; imponeret Orbi,
Et jura victis conderet.
Dumq; per ancipitis gliscunt discrimina Martis,
Heu ! cuncta perdunt cladibus.
At bene jamdudum calor ille refedit, utramq;
Qui nationem absumpserat:
Et stabilita suo coalescunt foedere Regna,
Pacisq; gaudent munere.
Ecce, novam statuunt Reginae intendere litem,
Hinc Angliæ illinc Galliæ,
Illa puerperio prior, an prior illa bearet,
Partumq; donaret suos.
(Quam bene funesti reparant dispendia Martis,
Et lapsa bellis integrant !)
At magis Angliacis Lucina accommoda votis ;
Lucina Carolo favens
Hic prior assuetos statuit celebrare triumphos,
Mox Regna viset Gallica.

N. Hobart, Coll. Regal. Socius.

JAm laborantes super Orbe curas,
Summe terrarum pelagiq; Princeps,
Pone securus, solitumq; sumas,
Carole, vultum.
Jam fides, & fas, pietasq; pennis
Et salus terram niveis reviset.
Julias inter pretiosa sunt je-
junia pompas.

Sup-

Voces Votivæ.

Supplices mitis positrq; telo
Audiit, dextra Pater & lubenti
Grata demisit bene feriatis

Omina terris.

Diva produxit sobolem, futuri
Seculi pignus, placidæq; pacis.
Ite, felices, iterate nexis

Serta trophæis.

Gedeon Ashwell, Coll. Regal. Socius.

Πρὸς τὸν ἐνδοξότατον βασιλέα.

ΕΙς, ἀνα, σὺ ἦτ' ἰον μέρος, ἔδεν σεῖο· σεαυτῷ
Παῖδες ἔχουσι πλέον, παῖδες ἔχουσι ὅλον.

Οὐδὲ γὰρ οἱ σεαυτῷ, χρυσοῖσί σε ἔρρεσι μᾶλλον

Ζῆς Ζῆσι οὐ τοῖς ἔρρεσιν αἰδῖος.

Φοῖνιξ τέρμα βίοιο φέρον αὐλόςπορον ἀρχῇ

Γίγνε' ἢ εἰκὼν ἰσοτύποιο ζρόνυ.

Λύσας δ' οἱ πυρὶ γῆρας, ἀμείβε' ἐκ πυρὸς ἥβην,

Ἐκ πυρὸς, ἐκ κόνεως, ἐκ θανάτοιο φρεῖς.

Κάρολε, ἀενάαν ἔλεον αὐτόςπορε ποιμῆν,

Καὶ ἅμα ἐστὶ νέος, καὶ ἅμα ἐστὶ γέρον.

Καὶ ἐπὶ δὴ Ζῆσι υἱοῖς παλινέγγρετος υἱῶν

(Τῶν υἱῶν υἱοὶ καὶ π' ἔχουσι σέο)

Τέτρω δ', ὦ ἀνα λῶτε, παλὶμβιος ἐστὶ σὺ υἱῷ,

Μήποτε δ' ἐκ κόνεως, ἐκ θανάτοιο παβός·

Ἀλλὰ ἄτερ κόνεως, πυρὸς, ἢ θανάτοιο ἀναζῆς·

Ἐστὶ παλινζῶας, μηδ' ἐπὶ Κάρλε θανάον.

If. Cooper, Aut. Pemb. A.B.

Duci

Voces Voivæ.

*De auspiciatissimo cùm Serenissima Maria Angliæ, tum
etiam propinquo Regina Galliarum partu.*

GLoria sollicitos olim dedit æmula Reges,
Hinc Angliæ illinc Galliæ,
Effet uter potior, Dominumq; imponeret Orbi,
Et jura victis conderet.
Dumq; per ancipitis gliscunt discrimina Martis,
Heu! cuncta perdunt cladibus.
At bene jamdudum calor ille resedit, utramq;
Qui nationem absumpserat:
Et stabilira suo coalescunt foedere Regna,
Pacisq; gaudent munere.
Ecce, novam statuunt Reginae intendere litem,
Hinc Angliæ illinc Galliæ,
Illa puerperio prior, an prior illa bearet,
Partumq; donaret suos.
(Quàm bene funesti reparant dispendia Martis,
Et lapsa bellis integrant!)
At magis Angliacis Lucina accommoda votis;
Lucina Carolo favens
Hic prior assuetos statuit celebrare triumphos,
Mox Regna viset Gallica.

N. Hobart, Coll. Regal. Socius.

JAm laborantes super Orbe curas,
Summe terrarum pelagiq; Princeps,
Pone securus, solitumq; fumus,
Carole, vultum.
Jam fides, & fas, pietasq; pennis
Et salus terram niveis reviset.
Julias inter pretiosa sunt je-
junia pompas.

Sup-

Voces Votivæ.

Supplices mitis positôq; telo
Audiit, dextra Pater & lubenti
Grata demisit bene feriatis

Omina terris.

Diva produxit sobolem, futuri
Seculi pignus, placidæq; pacis.

Ite, felices, iterate nexis

Serta trophæis.

Geddon Ashwell, Coll. Regal. Socius.

Πρὸς τὸν ἐνδοξότατον βασιλέα.

ΕΙς, ἄνα, σὺ ἥτλοι μέρος, ἔδν σείῃ· σεαυτῷ
Παῖδες ἔχουσιν πλέον, παῖδες ἔχουσιν ὅλον.

Οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐ σαυτῷ, χρυσοῖσί σε ἔρρεσι μάλλον

Ζῆς Ζῆσι οὐ τοῖς ἔρρεσι αἰδῖος.

Φοῖνιξ τέρμα βίοιο φέρων αὐλόςποροι ἀρχῇ

Γίγνι· ἢ εἰκὼν ἰσοτύποιον ζρόν.

Λύσαι δ' οὐ πρὶ γῆραι, ἀμείβει· ἐκ πυρὸς ἤβην,

Ἐκ πυρὸς, ἐκ κόνης, ἐκ θανάτοιο φρεῖς.

Κάρλοι, ἀνάνι ἔλπον αὐτόςπορε ποιμῆν,

Καὶ ἅμα ἐστὶ νέος, καὶ ἅμα ἐστὶ γέρον.

Καὶ ἐπὶ δὲ Ζῆσι υἱοῖς παλινέγρετος υἱά·

(Τῶν υἱῶν υἱοὶ καὶ πῖ ἔχουσιν σίε)

Τύτῳ δ', ὃ ἅνα λῶτε, παλὶμβίος ἐστὶ σὺ υἱῷ,

Μήποτε δ' ἐκ κόνης, ἐκ θανάτοιο παβός·

Ἀλλὰ ἅτερ κόνης, πυρὸς, ἢ θανάτοιο ἀναζῆς·

Ἐστὶ παλινζῶος, μηδ' ἐπὶ Κάρλῳ θανόν.

Jf. Cooper, Aul. Pemb. A.B.

Duci

Voces Votiva.

Duci nuper nato Genesblacon.

Adeste pleno jam Charites choro,
Lentisq; parvum stringite fasciis
Heroa, regalésq; cunas
Impositis decorate velis.
Quin & benigno turbine murmuret
Amicus Auster, fuctaq; fulmina
Dediscat iratus tremendo
Mittere nunc Aquilo boatu.
Dux magne, vinctus sindone dum jaces,
Ut se verendæ prodit imaginis
Innata majestas, potenti
Ut radiat tibi vultus igne!
Dum vel soporis vincula te premunt,
Dulcisq; Morpheus non finit inpetus
Totos ocellorum refundi,
Sed placidis operit tenebris!

P. Samways, Tr. C.

NOs satis, ô superi, felices! fundite vestra (vûm
Munera jam populis, nè hæc gens tam prospera di-
Tot donis lassata ruat. Jam sexta beavit
Nos soboles elapsa polis, & sacra secundum
Parturiit Maria Ducem. Nil, Anglia nostra,
Jam metuas; soboles prohibet tam multa timorem.
Sed tamen & timeas nè sit quò extendere possint
Victores sua castra Duces: nam proxima proles
Adveniens totum justè sibi vindicet orbem.
Hinc quasi tot dominos nec tellus una teneret,
Effugere duo, & mediis dominantur in astris.

Henr. May, Generos. Aut. Pemb.

Ad

Voces Votivæ.

Ad Reginam.

Perge, ô perge (precor) melior Berecynthia nostra,
Septena Angliacum prole beare solum.
Ingemuit quondam sub Regibus Anglia septem:
Bis septem parias, nec gemet illa, Duces.

St. Wrench, Coll. S. Jo.

In Puerperium Regina die Jejunii publici.

Dum calamistrati voluntur in aere fumi,
Fervida quos zeli thura rotare solent;
Dumq; alata petunt cœlum suspiria (quo non
Mercurio superis gratior ullus adest)
Tunc ea plangentis vox est jaculata Mariæ,
Implorans vestram, sedula Luna, fidem:
Tunc tendit niveas supplex ad sidera palmas;
(Hostia nec cœlum purior ulla movet)
Tunc etiam superos multùm gemebunda laceffit;
Et gemitus, quamvis parturientis, habet.
Esse parùm dux'ti nobis gaudere, Maria,
Quin pariter luctus participare juvat?
Hinc exempla trahat populi pars ista rebellis,
Torquens è facili serica fræna manu.
Cur stomachum infirmum jejunia rara moverent,
Quum regni fuerint hæc medicina sui?
Nec grave sit quicquid Carolus mandaverit, ecce
Regina obsequio est fertilis ipsa suo.
Quippe quòd enixa est inter jejunia, in illo
Non voluit pleno ventre tumere die.

Tho. Yardley, Trin. Coll.

Voces Votivæ.

De Principe nato postridie Comitiorum Cantabrigiensium.

CUm nuper veneranda mater Alma
Solennes ageret vices honorum,
Et procedere filios honesta
Indutos trabea videns, aniles
Paulisper removeret ore rugas ;
Doctores (mihi crede) purpurati
Splendebant solito magis, magisq;
Sarranum ex humeris micabat ostrum.
Quid, mirabar ego, novi quid instat ?
Nempe hoc : Jam foliis venusta primis
Emersit Rosa ; flôsq; nasciturus
Infecit duplici rubore vestes.

Si nondum ex utero solutus Infans
Tantum nos Academicos honestat,
Quid sperabimus augurabimurq;,
Cum Princeps animis adultus olim
Nôrit quantum Academiâ juvetur ?

Fo. Coke, Trin. Coll. Socius.

Ad Scotiam.

SCotia, quid nobis turbas moliris inanes ?
Et quid bella, tibi perniciofa, struis ?
Nempe ignara quotus Princeps modò nascitur, arma
Concutis. Oh, Carolo copia quanta Ducum est !
Audi ; animos depone. Tuus vix Carduus Anglos
Punget : habet spinas & Rosa nostra tibi.

Idem.

Ad Reginam.

STemmata subjungis regno dum clara, Britannos
Almâque multiplici prole, Maria, beas ;

Læta

Voces Votivæ.

Læta repubescit, vestro laxata dolore,
Anglia, & in cultus officiosa ruit.
Quantam lætitiâ cumulabunt gaudia, nobis
Reginæ cùm sit gratus & ipse dolor!
Quòd si tam faciles partûs renovare dolores
Gaudia nostra queant, sæpe, Maria, dole.

Fran. Crane, T. C.

Πρὸς Βασίλισσάν.

Σ Οδ' γαστήρ ὡς δειστος, Δέσποιν', ἀγλαός ὄσθι,
Λευκά τ' ἀναμύδλω καὶ ῥόδα πυρρὰ τεκῶν.
Ἐυσομῆν, ἀνθεῖν, καὶ συμπνεῖν Δῶ Θεὸς αὐτοῖς,
Μιμῆσθαι τε γνάθοιν σοῖν ῥοδίνοι ἐνάδα.
Καὶ σὺ μετ' ὠδῖναι κείσῃ ῥοδίῳ οὐ λείπτῳ,
Ἐπγοδότης δ' ἔσσι κρατὶ ῥόδων σέφανος.

Robertus Waideson, Coll. S. Joh. Socius.

Votum pro diebus post Serenissima Regine partum Halcyonis.

H Alcyones veluti pendentes æquore nidos
Dum foveant, placido pax erit alta mari;
Sic Ducis excipiat cunas non turbo rebellis
Ullus, at Halcyonum pacificique dies.

*Mich. Wentworth, fil. & har. Georg. Wentworth,
Equit. Aurat. Coll. S. Johan.*

Voces Votivæ.

In Illustrissimi Principis Natalitia.

Quid, quondam intrepidus, subitus timor occupat An-
Quod furit in Regem Scotica turba suum? (glos,
Casta suo, nobisq;, dedit Regina Marito
Subsidium, & belli præbuit ipsa Ducem:
Cujus in auspiciis quid non sperabimus? Angues
Herculea in cunis comprimet ille manu.
Sic læti tandem vox hæc erit alta popelli,
Dum puer es, patriæ Tu Pater ipse tuæ.

Jacobus Jackson, M. A. A. Clarensis Socius.

*Ad Serenissimam Reginam, in fecunditatem suam
optatissimam.*

ENixa es rursus, Conjux uberrima, partum,
Annuus est uteri tam reditúsq; tui?
Cur ideo miremur agros plantásve, quotannis
Quòd segete & teneris fructibus ambo scatent?
En, foetus Maria suos foecunda cupitos
Rariùs haud profert quàm parit ipsa Ceres:
Quæ'q; sua fuerat virtute & stemmate clara,
Nunc etiam eximia fertilitate nitet.
Venerit in morem jam (credo) Maria quotannis
Regna puerperio hæc nostra beare novo:
Sive suo Carolo ridens promiserit, anno
Unoquoque recens edere pignus ei.
Angusta hæc olim sibi visa est Insula, quòd vix
Indigenis arcto limite sufficeret:
Nixibus at faustis quasi jam stipata Mariæ,
Vix Illa natis principibus sat erit.
Haud, Scylure, tuos nunc octoginta stupemus
Natos, aut Danaï pignora multa ducis:

Nec

Voces Votive.

Nec Niobe magnæ Latonæ invisa placebit,
Ex longa serie & prole notata sua.

Omnibus oppono Mariam matribus, omnes
Quæ citò victura est partibus una nurus.

Ed. Howard, T. C. in Art. Bæc.

UNde hic armorum strepitus? Bellona cruenta
Evaginato cur stetit ense minax?
Foedere quid rupto concurrere regna pararunt,
Et ruere in pyrios sanguinolenta globos?
Scipio conscribat juvenes, Xerxesque tremendus
Vibret terribili tela facèsque manu;
Hannibal exsultet Cannensi clade superbus,
Hostili nimium sæpe cruore satur:
Carole, Te exornet facili clementia lauru,
Nota sit in regnis Pallas & una tuis.
Si qua velis, non de pharetra tibi spicula prome;
Reginæ ex utero multa sagitta venit.
Nec qui exercitibus præsent exquire; potentes
Ex Te suscepit pulchra Maria Duces.

Jacobus Bellingham, Equitis Baronetti

filius unicus, Coll. Trin.

AT Tu, Nympha potens, foecunda Puerpera, perges
Conjugis ad plaustrum stella vel una deest.
Tūque, iterum *jus nocte trium*, Pater, optime regum,
Heptada conficias, Carole mægne, tuam;
Nè tibi gens noceat *septem* subjecta *trioni*:
Nempe *triumphalis* tunc tibi *currus* erit.

J. D. T. C.
H 3

Ad

Voces Votivæ.

Ad Reginam.

Sic lætos uteri Tibi dolores,
Sic Lucina novo beavit auctu,
Ut quos furripuisset antè partus
(Quò cœlis aliquid Tui daretur)
Octava sobole remunerarit,
Nè sit terra minor futura cœlo.

Nunc jejuna movere vota Numen
Sentimus. Libitina tristiori
Dum quæstu numerosa sæviebat,
Plebem Principibus Tibi rependit
Numen. Sed pretio minore Princeps
Constare haud potuit; valebat ille
Complures animas. Tamen perire
Si plebs officiosa pergat usque,
Sic natos utero dabis benigno,
Ut gens Anglia sit futura Regum.

Ant. Barker, T. C.

Anglia dum fatagit sacris avertere pestem,
Volvitur atque aris, & pia thura litat;
Æthera dum votis solenni more fatigat,
Nè pluat in nostrum tela cruenta caput:
Nasceris (en! quantum lacrymæ & jejunia possunt!)
Magne Puer, patriæ spēsque salusque tuæ.
Haud unquam periere preces. Quæcunque rogamus,
Dii nobis eadem, vel meliora dabunt.

Jacob. Duport, S. T. B.
Coll. Trin. Socius.

Mascula

Voces Votivæ.

MAscula ter soboles ! Metuant externa Trisulcum
Fulmen, & iratas irrequieta faces.
Mascula ter soboles ! Agnoscant alta Tridentem,
Firmatūque sui numinis imperium.

Car. Mason, Coll. Regat.

VNum Troia habuit, subreptum perdidit unum:
Bis tribus en tuta est Anglia Palladiis.

Idem.

*In effigiem S.S. P.P. Regis & Reginae Magnæ Brit.
nuper editam.*

Cæsareos vultus & dulcia Conjugis ora
Exhibuit juncta sculptor in effigie.
Non color hic tantum, aut specie contenta figura;
Crediderim potius, mens animusque subest.
Laureolam dextra profers, Regina, corollam;
Frondes de lauri stirpe sinistra gerit.
Et tua dona placent, & nondum oblata placebunt:
Quod tamen in læva est, Regia dextra petit.
Quid tibi vis tacita, pictor facunde, tabella?
Percipimus nullo prodita verba sono.
Fallor: an amborum præsentia gaudia narras,
Dèque secuturis omina fausta bonis?
Serta decent lætos parta jam prole Parentes;
Fronde nova partus constar adesse novos.
CAROLE, qui thalamo tantos cumulavit honores,
Hæc eadem stabili præstet & Imperio:
Ut, cum summa diu teneas fastigia solus,
Sit Tibi quo vel Te Tu superare queas.

Thom. Comber, S. T. D.

Coll. Trin. Præfectus.

Ad

Voces Votivæ.



Ad Serenissimum Regem
CAROLUM.

+ **A** *ccipe summissas, Rex Augustissime,
Musas,*

Dum Votis onerant Vota priora novis.

Sic Tibi perpetua fas sit florere Juventa,

Impleat & seros Alma Maria dies.

Jo. COSIN, Procan.



To the most Gracious Queen
MARIE.

That ancient Gaule and Britain heretofore
Were joyn'd in land and men, and had no shore,
Our happie fates confirm'd, when first they sent
You who have made this Isle a Continent.

Nor will't offend you if we think you take
Foy in this change, and (while you difference make
Twixt Queen and Sister) not so love the land
Where first you liv'd, as where you now command.
Your wisdom finds that not so much it is
You took from that, as what you give to this.

You made a Husband once, whom now y^e have made
A Father oft, and through the world displayd
A Race like beams of that great Sunne: and thus
Your interest descends from him to us
The soil of this Plantation, whose desires
Draw growth and strength from these celestiall fires.

Your present goodnesse and th^e assured hope
Of your successfull Issue gives us scope
To raise this fair contention, Whether He
A happier Husband or a Father be.

Henr. Molle of Kings Coll.

a

To

Voces Votivæ.

To the Queen,

An Apologie for the length of the following
Panegyrick.

WHen you are Mistresse of the song,
Mighty Queen, to think it long,
Were treason 'gainst that Majestie
Your vertue wears. Your modestie
Yet thinks it so. But ev'n that too
(Infinite, since part of You)
New matter to our Muse supplies,
And so allows what it denies.
Say then, dread Queen, how may we do
To mediate 'twixt your Self and You?
That so our sweetly temper'd song
Nor be too short, nor seem too long.
Needs must your noble praises strength,
That made it long, excuse the length.

To the Queen,

Upon her numerous Progenie,
A Panegyrick.

Britain! the mighty Oceans lovely bride!
Now stretch thy self, fair Isle, and grow; spread wide
Thy bosome, and make room. Thou art oppress'd
With thine own glories, and art strangely blest
Beyond thy self: For (lo) the Gods, the Gods
Come fast upon thee; and those glorious ods

Swell

Voces Votivæ.

*Swell thy full honours to a pitch so high
As sits above thy best capacitie.*

*Are they not ods? and glorious? that to thee
Those mightie Genii throng, which well might be
Each one an ages labour? that thy dayes
Are gilded with the union of those rayes
Whose each divided beam would be a Sunne
To glad the sphere of any nation?
Sure, if for these thou mean'st to find a seat
Th' hast need, O Britain, to be truly Great.*

*And so thou art; their presence makes thee so:
They are thy greatnesse. Gods, where-e're they go,
Bring their Heav'n with them: their great footsteps place
An everlasting smile upon the face
Of the glad earth they tread on. While with thee
Those beams that amplate mortalitie,
And teach it to expatiate, and swell
To majestic and fulnesse, deign to dwell,
Thou by thy self maist sit, blest Isle, and see
How thy great mother Nature dotes on thee.
Thee therefore from the rest apart she hurl'd,
And seem'd to make an Isle, but made a World.*

*Time yet hath dropt few plumes since Hope turn'd Joy,
And took into his arms the princely Boy,
Whose birth last blest the bed of his sweet Mother,
And bad us first salute our Prince a brother.*

*Bright Charles! thou sweet dawn of a glorious day!
Centre of those thy Grandsires (shall I say,
Henry and James? or, Mars and Phebus rather?
If this were Wisdomes God, that Warres stern father.
'Tis but the same is said: Henry and James
Are Mars and Phebus under diverse names.)*

The Prince.

Voces Votivæ.

The D. of
York.

O thou full mixture of those mighty souls
Whose vast intelligences tun'd the Poles
Of peace and warre; thou, for whose manly brow
Both lawrels twine into one wreath, and woo
To be thy garland: see, sweet Prince, O see,
Thou, and the lovely hopes that smile in thee,
Art ta'n out and transcrib'd by thy great Mother:
See, see thy reall shadow; see thy Brother,
Thy little self in lesse: trace in these cyne
The beams that dance in those full starres of thine.
From the same snowie Alabaſter rock
Those hands and thine were hew'n; those cherries mock
The corall of thy lips: Thou wert of all
This well-wrought copie the fair principall.

L. Mary.

Justly, great Nature, didst thou brag, and tell
How ev'n th' hadst drawn that faithfull parallel,
And matcht thy master-peice. O then go on,
Make such another sweet comparison.
Seest thou that Marie there? O teach her Mother
To shew her to her self in such another.
Fellow this wonder too; nor let her shine
Alone; light such another starre, and twine
Their rosie beams, that so the morn for one
Venus may have a Constellation.

L. Elizab.

These words scarce waken'd Heaven, when (lo) our vows
Sat crown'd upon the noble Infants brows.
Th' art pair'd, sweet Princeſſe: In this well-writ book
Read o're thy self; peruse each line, each look.
And when th' hast summ'd up all those blooming blisses,
Close up the book, and claſſ it with thy kisses.
So have I ſeen (to dresse their miſtreſſe May)
Two ſilken ſiſter-flowers conſult, and lay

Their

Voces Votivæ.

*Their bashfull cheeks together: newly they
Peep't from their buds, show'd like the garden's Eyes
Scarce wak't: like was the crimson of their joyes;
Like were the tears they wept, so like that one
Seem'd but the others kind reflexion.*

*And now 't were time to say, Sweet Queen, no more.
Fair source of Princes, is thy pretious store
Not yet exhaust? O no. Heavens have no bound,
But in their infinite and endlesse Round
Embrace themselves. Our measure is not theirs;
Nor may the pov'tie of mans narrow prayers
Span their immensitie. More Princes, come:
Rebellion, stand thou by; Mischief, make room:
Warre, Bloud, and Death (Names all averse from Foy)
Heare this, We have another bright-ey'd Boy:
That word's a warrant, by whose vertue I
Have full authoritie to bid you Dy.*

The new-
born Prince.

*Dy, dy, foul misbegotten Monsters; Dy:
Make haste away, or e'r the world's bright Eye
Blush to a cloud of bloud. O farre from men
Fly hence, and in your Hyperborean den
Hide you for evermore, and murmur there
Where none but Hell may heare, nor our soft aire
Shrink at the hatefull sound. Mean while we bear
High as the brow of Heaven, the noble noise
And name of these our just and righteous joyes,
Where Envie shall not reach them, nor those cares
Whose tune keeps time to ought below the spheres.*

*But thou, sweet supernumerary Starre,
Shine forth; nor fear the threats of boyst'rous Warre.
The face of things has therefore frown'd a while
On purpose, that to thee and thy pure smile
The world might ow an universall calm;
While thou, fair Halcyon, on a sea of balm*

Voces Votivæ.

*Shalt flote; where while thou layst thy lovely head,
The angry billows shall but make thy bed:
Storms, when they look on thee, shall straight relent;
And Tempests, when they tast thy breath, repent
To whispers soft as thine own slumbers be,
Or souls of Virgins which shall sigh for thee.*

*Shine then, sweet supernumerary Starre;
Nor fear the boystrous names of Bloud and Warre:
Thy Birthday is their Death's Nativitie;
They 'we here no other businesse but to die.*

To the
Queen.

*But stay; what glimpse was that? why blusht the day?
Why ran the started aire trembling away?
Who's this that comes circled in rayes that scorn
Acquaintance with the Sun? what second morn
At midday opes a presence which Heavens eye
Stands off and points at? Is't some Deity
Stept from her throne of starres, deignes to be seen?
Is it some Deity? or is't our Queen?*

*'Tis she, 'tis she: Her awfull beauties chase
The Day's abashed glories, and in face
Of noon wear their own Sunshine. O thou bright
Mistresse of wonders! Cynthia's is the night;
But thou at noon dost shine, and art all day
(Nor does thy Sun deny't) our Cynthia.*

*Illustrious sweetnesse! in thy faithfull wombe,
That nest of Heroes, all our hopes find room.
Thou art the Mother-Phenix, and thy brest
Chast as that Virgin honour of the East,
But much more fruitfull is; nor does, as she,
Deny to mightie Love a Deitie.*

*Then let the Eastern world brag and be proud
Of one coy Phenix, while we have a brood,
A brood of Phenixes; while we have Brother
And Sister-Phenixes, and still the Mother.*

And

Voces Votivæ.

*And may we long ! Long mayst Thou live & increase
The house and family of Phenixes.*

*Nor may the life that gives their eye-lids light
E're prove the dismall morning of thy night:
Ne're may a birth of thine be bought so dear
To make his costly cradle of thy beer.*

*O mayst thou thus make all the year thine own,
And see such names of joy sit white upon
The brow of every moneth ! And when th' hast done,
Mayst in a son of His find every son
Repeated, and that son still in another,
And so in each child often prove a Mother.
Long mayst Thou, laden with such clusters, lean
Upon thy Royall Elm, fair Vine ! And when
The Heav'ns will stay no longer, may thy glory
And name dwell sweet in some Eternall story!*

*Pardon, bright Excellence, an untun'd string,
That in thy eares thus keeps a murmuring.
O speak a lowly Muses pardon, speak
Her pardon, or her sentence ; onely break
Thy silence. Speak, and she shall take from thence
Numbers, and sweetnesse, and an influence
Confessing Thee. Or if too long I stay,
O speak Thou, and my Pipe hath nought to say:
For see, Apollo all this while stands mute,
Expecting by thy voice to tune his Lute.*

*But Gods are gracious ; and their Altars make
Pretious the off'rings that their Altars take.
Give then this rurall wreath fire from thine eyes,
This rurall wreath dares be thy Sacrifice.*

R. Crashaw. Coll. S. Pet.

On

Voces Votivæ.

On the Birthday of the Illustrious Duke.

Pardon, great Duke, if for your sake I call
A solemn Fast for once a Festivall.
Tis true: it was the time when every one
Became Religions true Chameleon,
When the devouter Saint descri'd his fare
By often sighing of himself to aire;
Whil'st hungrie zelots wept to call to mind
What an offense it was not to have din'd.
But your great birth made that Fast seem at least
But a preparative before a feast.
Which makes some think it was ordain'd, lest we
Should surfet with so great felicitie.
For sure, no sooner did that joyfull aire
Become the incense to each fervent prayer,
But instantly 't was easie to describe
How all the passions strove in every eye,
Doubtfull what name the next tear should expresse,
Th' indifferent heir to grief and joyfulness.
He that pray'd least, at this news seem'd to be
Ravisht for joy into an extasie.
Thus was the scene quite chang'd, and sighs became
The fittest winds to fanne your Genial flame.
Nor was it unbecoming so great mirth,
When zeal did light the bonfires at your birth.

Thom. Yardley, Trin. Coll. Art. Bac.

To the Queen.

Great Queen, how much thy sacred name
Divinely swells Maternall fame,

Let

Voces Votivæ.

*Let God be Judge: God whose no other
But a MARIE for his Mother.*

*MARIE! O how sweetly hence
Sweetnesse drops its influence!
What royall odours make their nest
In that virgin glorious East
Whence God did spring! When heav'n desires
To burn perfumes amidst its fires,
Or Angels have a mind to smile,
Let but MARIE sound a while,
And from the Mother of their King
Heaven grows sweet, and Angels sing.*

*Thus, glorious Queen, in this our sphere
The joyes and dainties of our care
Confessing from what heaven they came,
Breath in the odours of thy Name.*

*O balmy word! a word too fair
To walk but in perfumed aire;
A word too heavenly for our earth,
Because of kinne to that great Birth
Which brought forth Heaven; a word too bright
To shine but in the sacred light
Of purest virtue; too too high
For all but holy Majestie:*

*A Name which like some pretious gemme
Can enrich a Diadme;*

And there is best enamelled

Where it may crown a crowned head;

A Name wherein all beauties dwell,

A Name without a parallel,

A Name which fits above all other

The greatest Queen and happiest Mother.

*Greatest Queen, whose stemmes professe
Thee the Queen of fruitfulnessse!*

b

Happiest

Voces Votivæ.

Happiest Mother, which bring'st forth
In an oft-repeated Birth
Not onely grounds for Diademes,
Not onely male and female Gemmes,
But all the Hopes and Joyes which blesse
A kingdom with secure successe.
For in that constellation,
Those six sweet Sparks of our bright Sunne,
The future peace shines wondrous clear
Of our triumphant hemisphere:
And we must Thee the Mother stile,
As Charles the Father, of our Isle.

O ever blessed Father He,
Because a Father made by thee!
When in that dimme and pensive day
Which taught our sorrows how to pray,
With Princely fear and Royall zeal
His humble Highnesse did appeal
To Heaven for mercy, Heaven made haste,
And e're the day of grief had past
Sent him a pledge of living joy,
That royall branch, that glorious Boy:
And that he might more welcome be,
Not by an Angel, but by Thee:

What princely joy thy Charles may take
To see his pretious MARIE make
His stock the stock from whence do spring
Such flowers as well become a King,
Such flowers whose severall sex discloses
France's Lilies, Englands Roses!
Me thinks our heaven more heavenly shows,
Me thinks great Britain Greater grows,
Being nobly full of ample means
To store a world with Kings and Queens.

She

Voces Votivæ.

*Shew who in her fruit doth reigne
At once in England, France and Spain,
Triumphs her royall self to see
Increas'd and born afresh by Thee;
And would her own great style forgo,
Or have thee call'd Queen-mother too.*

*And give us leave to bid thee joy
Of that fasting-feasting day:
Auspicious day, wherein all we
Seem'd delivered with thee!*

*O may thy numerous offspring make
The number which thy virtues speak,
Till in a full and princely band
They round about their Parents stand.
Be these thy guard; whose royall force
Can set thee sure above the course
Of mortall danger, and will give
Life unto Thee from whom they live.*

Jof. Beaumont, Coll. S. Petri.

Upon the happie Birth of the Duke.

W*Hilst the rude North Charles his slow wrath doth call,
Whilst Warre is fear'd, and conquest hop'd by all,
The severall shires their various forces lend,
And some do men, some gallant horses send,
Some steel, and some (the stronger weapon) gold.
These warlike contributions are but old:
That countrey learn'd a new and better way,
Which did this royall Prince for Tribute pay.
Who shall henceforth be with such rage possess'd,
To rouse our English Lion from his rest?*

Voces Votivæ.

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Voces Votivæ.

When a new Sonne doth his blest stock adorn,
Then to great Charles is a new Armie born,
In private births Hopes challenge the first place:
There's Certainie at first in the Kings race;
And we may say, Such will his glories be,
Such his great acts, and yet not prophesie.
I see in him his Fathers boundlesse sprite,
Powerfull as flame, yet gentle as the light.
I see him through an adverse battel thrust,
Bedeck'd with noble sweat and comely dust.
I see the pietie of the day appeare,
Foynd with the heat and valour of the yeare,
Which happie Fate did to this birth allow:
I see all this; for sure't is present now.
Leave off then, London, to accuse the starres
For adding a worse terror to the warres;
Nor quarrell with the heavens, cause they beginne
To send the worst effect and scourge of sinne,
That dreadfull plague, which whersoe're 't abide,
Devours both man and each disease beside.
For every life which from great Charles does flow
And 's female self, weighs down a crowd of low
And vulgar souls: Fate rids of them the earth
To make more room for a great Princes birth.
So when the sunne after his matric rest
Comes dancing from his chamber of the East,
A thousand pettie lamps spread ore the skie,
Shrink in their doubtfull beams, then wink, and die:
Yet no man grieves, the very birds arise,
And sing glad notes in stead of Elegies:
The leaves and painted flowers, which did erewhile
Tremble with mournfull drops, beginne to smile.
The losse of many why should they bemoane,
Who for them more then many have in one?

How

Voces Votivæ.

How blest must thou thy self, bright Mary, be,
Who by thy wombe canst bleſſe our miſerie?
May't ſtill be fruitfull. May your offspring too
Spread largely, as your fame and virtues do.
Fill every ſeaſon thus: Time, which devours
Its own ſonnes, will be glad and prond of yours.
So will the Year (though ſure it wear'd be
With often revolutions) when't ſhall ſee
The honour by ſuch births it doth attain,
Joy to return into it ſelf again.

A. Cowley, A. B. T. C.

To the King.

Great SIR,

YOUR Royall Queen ſo fruitfull is, that we
Are barren grown by her fertilitie.
Wiſh ſix already ſhe hath bleſt the land,
And there's as many as in verſe will ſtand:
The ſeventh, I fear, will have no room, if we
Do not invent new worlds in poetrie.
Yet we admire your offſpring's numerous train,
Who can beget more then we all can ſeigne.
At your firſt happy Nuptiall you alone
Did fill a kingdome; now you're bigger grown.
Your Grace is multiplied every ſpring:
And now the Kingdome's grown leſſe then the King.

Vill. Harrington, Aul. Clar.

Voces Votivæ.

To the Queens Majestic.

AS yet, great Queen, as yet w^t had not
Natures last faint mistake forgot,
When a fresh joy creates our mirth,
And crowns it with another birth.
O may this never fail, nor fear
Such an untimely sepulchre!
But why do I blame Nature, since
No error 't was but providence?
Perhaps in her accounts she thought
That birth disparitie had wrought.
Kings races must in measure runne
Wish here a Daughter, there a Sonne:
So in just number often grows
Here a Lily, there a Rose.
Nor grieve for't, mightie Queen: for Love
Is powerfull. The next shall prove
One of your own fair Whites, and then
The Rose must have its course agen,
So fast till each in other grow
A native garland for your brow;
Till you need no Rayes but them,
Nor any other Diadem;
Not that which the bright Maid puts on
Of Seven-starres constellation.
For when but one yeares circle twine
Another starre to your fair line,
The number will be just, and then
Ariadna will look pale and wan,
Eclips'd by you, and fret to see
Your terrestriall Galaxie.
But, Goddesse, wonder not if thus
Your glories be outshin'd by us,
When you know that this bright train
Of starres below is Charles his Wain.

Charles Wheeler, A.B.T.C.

Voces Votivæ.

The young Dukes welcome into the world.

THis Martiall progeny, this evening starre
Let down from heaven to earth in times of warre,
And in victorious Cæsars moneth, portends
A happy victory to Cæsars friends.
Who more then he 'gainst rebels fortunate?
How oft their forces quell'd, secur'd the state
Of France, our neighb'ring continent? how great
Made by their insurrections and defeat?
Then welcome, noble Duke, in happy houre,
Bringing the fortune of that Conquerour.

Charl. Hotham, M^r in Art. Coll. Chr.

Then hast we sonnes of CHAME to dresse
Our best inventions in verse.
What if our numbers rugged prove?
There's loyall poetrie in love.
Our studi'd joy I should suspect:
The best comes sudden with neglect.
Then let's not drop down and distill
Our hearts, but poure them from the quill;
Since blessings so descend, and love
Is showr'd upon us from above.

When first the pledge of Romes great hap
Fell down from heav'n to Numa's lap,
The Shield was oft transcrib'd, for fate
To that had fixt the Romane State:
So left our hopes might stagger, and
Th' assurance of an happy land
Which God gave in our PRINCE (though sure)
Might render us from fear secure,

By

Voces Votivæ.

By the TRUE COPIE printed are
FIVE more in fairest character.
Yet here staves not our hope, that looks
Still for more Princes and more Books.

Char. Mason, Kings Coll.

A Conclusion to her Majestie.

DRead Queen, account it no disparagement,
That we do pay this yeare an English Rent;
As if some meaner stream did feed our quills.
For when Your offspring, Blessed Mother, fills
All languages, and takes up every song,
'T is time as length to use our Mother-tongue.

Proceed, Great Ladie, till your fruitfulnessse
Has puzzl'd various Babel to expresse
Natures congratulations, till your wombe
In breeding Conquerours all the world o'recome;
And let your numerous train of Starres (I mean
Your glorious Race) exhale all Hippocrene.
Yet if your Geniall bed exhaust our store
Of words, we'll set some Hebrew roots for more,
And try all dialects from the first Fall,
Till we return unto th' originall
Pure phrase of Paradise; Your Innocence
Suits best with language that is fetcht from thence.
And when I see your Fruit, me thinks (Great Queen)
Y^e are like the Tree of life, still fresh and green.
For she that bears a Prince, immortall she
Brings forth no lesse then Immortalitie.

Coke, Fellow of Trin. Coll.

FINIS.

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